

THE PORTSMOUTH HERALD.

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PORTSMOUTH, N. H., TUESDAY, MARCH 13, 1900.

PRICE 2 CENTS.

MUSIC HALL.

F. W. BARTFORD, - - MANAGER.

STILL THEY COME! ANOTHER BIG ONE!

ALL THIS WEEK, COMMENCING MONDAY, MARCH 12.

MATINEES WEDNESDAY AND SATURDAY.

SPECIAL ENGAGEMENT OF

JERE MCAULIFFE

And His Big Stock Co.,

In a Repertoire of the Biggest Productions Ever Given at Popular Prices.

A GRAND DISPLAY OF ELECTRICAL EFFECTS!

A CAR OF NEW AND ELEGANT SCENERY!

A HOST OF UP-TO-DATE SPECIALTIES!

READ THIS MATCHLESS REPERTOIRE:

Tuesday Evening.....The Man O' War's Man
Wednesday Matinee.....Niobe
Wednesday Evening.....Southern Chimes
Thursday Evening.....Under Sealed Orders
Friday Evening.....Lights O' London
Saturday Matinee.....To Be Announced
Saturday Evening.....Escaped From Sing Sing

PRICES—EVENINGS.....10c, 20c and 30c
MATINEES.....10c and 20c

Seats on Sale at Music Hall Box Office, Friday, March 9th.

BOWKER'S PLANT - - FOOD!

15 and 25 Cents,

A. P. WENDELL & CO.'S

2 MARKET SQUARE.

COPPER IS KING

A SAFE INVESTMENT AND A SURE FORTUNE

can be made buying Copper Shares now at the present price of 15 cts. per share. You can

double at least

\$100 FOR EVERY \$10 YOU INVEST

The Copper Cliff Mining Co. owns 4 Copper mines in Kern Co., Calif. The Assays per ton show: Copper, \$17 Gold, Value 2 to 4 feet wide. Ore from the surface down, is first enough to pay all mining, transportation and smelting charges and leave handsome profit. Dividends are paid without building and operating a smelter or other expensive plant. The mine report, mines contain millions tons ore. Stock is full paid and non-assessable. \$1.00 per share. We want money enough to develop and take the ore out from the mines and to offer a liberal amount of stock for a short time.

\$15 BUYS 100 SHARES \$50 BUYS 250 SHARES
\$25 BUYS 150 SHARES \$100 BUYS 300 SHARES

We are so confident that stock will go up that we guarantee that after twelve months from date you cannot buy a share of this stock from the Copper Cliff Mining Co. for less than its par value, \$1 per share.

Copper shares have made investors many fortunes the past year. In 1899 a spread in the price of Prof. Assess asked him to invest \$250 for 100 shares. He invested it in 25 shares of copper stock. The compound interest and dividends, added to the present market value, are up to \$250,000. Guess this opportunity and do likewise. You cannot lose. Get 100 shares a few shares to see their advance. Send money by draft, express, registered letter, post office order for as many shares as you wish.

WM. REED, Investment Broker, 139 S. 5th St., Philadelphia, Pa.

TAKE NOTICE.

Now is the time to buy HARNESSSES; we have a few at low prices. They will be higher.

JOHN S. TILTON'S
Congress Street.

THIS SPACE BELONGS TO
-LAWRENCE-

Portsmouth's Swell Tailor

THAT TOPEKA PAPER.

Will Be On File Every Day at the Y. M. C. A. Building.

Rev. Charles M. Sheldon begun at Topeka today the work of demonstrating his idea of what a Christian newspaper should be and the result may be seen here in Portsmouth. For one week he is to have entire control of the Topeka Daily Capital, and if he does not succeed in doing what he wants to do it will be because of the shortness of time rather than of lack of power.

During the week he will be absolute dictator, not only of the editorial but of the financial policy, and of the counting room as well as of up stairs. The experiment will be watched with a good deal of curious interest. In fact the curiosity is so great as to discount the value of the experiment. To show whether a paper could succeed when conducted on such a basis, the experiment would have to be made under normal conditions and for a length of time sufficient to determine the worth of the plan strictly on the basis of merit. As it is the conditions are all abnormal.

The undertaking has caused a sensation and excited universal interest. The consequence is a big advertisement for the Topeka newspaper, a temporary boom in its circulation and considerable pecuniary profit to the owners thereby. Financially the success of the experiment is assured, no doubt, but the ethical question is not likely to be nearer settled at the end of the week than before. Mr. Sheldon is well known as the author of that remarkable work, "In His Steps" or "What Would Jesus Do?"

The paper will be on file every day at the Y. M. C. A. reading room and the public has been cordially invited to come and inspect it.

MCAULIFFE STOCK COMPANY.

The best repertoire company that has been here this season (judging by the approbation which it received on Monday evening) is holding the stage at Music hall this week. It is the Jere McAuliffe Big Stock troupe, presenting such popular plays as The New Fire Patrol, The Man o' War's Man, Niobe, Under Sealed Orders, etc. The audience that saw the opener, The New Fire Patrol, on Monday evening, was large and thoroughly pleased, if applause counts for anything.

Mr. McAuliffe has a dozen capable people with him. Among them are Lawrence Crattan, Burr McCann, James J. Ryan (who portrays the accomplished villain to perfection), Jessie Merritt, Eugenie Bowen, Mandie Scott and Dolly Temple. All the members of the cast in The New Fire Patrol were judiciously placed, and the five acts went off with a spirit and a correctness that made a great hit.

Incidental to the play creditable specialties were introduced, of the approved repertoire standard, by Mr. McAuliffe himself, Miss Scott and Alex Wilson. Illustrated songs were also a strong feature of the performance. It may truly be claimed that these vandyke adjuncts of the McAuliffe company are as good as any company of the season has put forth here.

Tonight the bill will be The Man o' War's Man. Matinees will be given on Wednesday and Saturday.

RECEPTION OF GRAND WARDEN PAGE.

The following committee of arrangements has been appointed for the reception of Grand Warden Samuel Page, who is to make an official visit to the Odd Fellows lodge of this city on Thursday evening: Noble Grand Charles H. Kehoe, Howard Anderson and Charles L. Hoyt of Osgood lodge; John Wood and A. Milton Gardner of Piscataqua lodge; Meshach H. Bell, Edwin Underhill and Charles E. Senter of New Hampshire lodge. The third degree is to be worked by Osgood lodge. Currier & Dunbar will cater for the occasion.

NEW STEAMER COMPANY.

The company to serve with steamer No. 1 at the new west end station was selected on Monday evening by the board of fire engineers, as follows: Leslie Whitehouse, Thomas Moran, John Murphy, Frank Obroy, C. J. Keefe, Ira Newick, George E. Kay, Edward Pendergast, John S. Moulton and Michael McCarthy. The officers will be chosen on Wednesday evening. The membership certificates are to be given out today.

STATE NEWS.

Capt. Almon A. Blodgett, a prominent merchant of Seabrook, died Monday at 8.45 after a week's illness.

Gov. F. W. Rollins has returned from his southern trip and consequently a meeting of the executive council will be held Friday evening.

E. H. Bean and Charles McDaniels, who are employed in the navy yard at Portsmouth, are at their homes in Lakewood to remain over election day.

Mrs. Irene F. Gerrish, widow of Chas. Gerrish of Exeter, died Monday of heart disease, after a two weeks' illness, at her home, 17 Lincoln street. Her age was 83 years.

Benjamin F. Hollingworth, a highly respected citizen of Dover, passed away very suddenly of heart disease at his home, 2 Stark avenue, Monday evening, aged about 66 years.

Recent petitions in bankruptcy filed with the clerk of the United States court included the following: Edgar H. Fellows, Piermont; W. S. Monroe, Concord; Herbert B. Zall, Walpole; Robert Pratt, Manchester.

Bowling games scheduled for this week at Exeter are as follows: Tuesday evening, Grocery and Hardware dealers on Gilbert's alleys; Wednesday evening, Exeter vs. Portsmouth, candle pins, at Portsmouth; Thursday evening, Exeter vs. Haverhill on Gilbert's alleys.

New Hampshire pension—Original, Woodbury Hardy, Diamond Hill, \$8; additional, Samuel L. Randall, Alton, \$6 to \$8; increase, Jason Densmore, Lebanon, \$8 to \$10; John Flanders, Hampton, \$6 to \$10; re-issue, Anthony C. Hardy, Concord, \$20.

Arthur M. Marden of Keene, a veteran of the Spanish-American war, who enlisted in Co. C, 1st New Hampshire volunteers, of Keene, receiving 100, orable discharge, has received an order for a total disability pension of \$17 per month, with a check for back pay from November, 1898.

The social democrats of Exeter held a meeting in the town hall Monday evening and made it the closing rally of the town campaign. The hall was filled. James F. Corey of Haverhill and Manfred Tibbets of Exeter were the speakers. Charles A. Stewart presided.

At a meeting of a number of prominent farmers and live stock owners of Concord, it was decided to organize a stock company, to be incorporated under the title of the Concord fair, for the purpose of holding an annual state fair in that city. It will be inaugurated this year.

SULLY'S NEW PLAY.

It has been a conceded fact that Daniel Sully has for years been America's representative Irish actor, but he never could get a play to suit him. His patience has however at last been rewarded and in The Parish Priest, he has one of the biggest successes of the season.

Wherever he has presented this novel play, both press and public have been unanimous in their approval. The play is a domestic comedy drama in three acts and does not deal with any religious creed, but teaches a strong moral lesson. The timing of the play is today, and the scenes are laid where presented. The situations are striking, and the climaxes exciting, the dialogue is interesting and the comedy sparkling.

The production is elaborately staged and the cast one of exceptional strength, including Daniel Sully, True S. James, Jos. L. Tracy, Fred Eckhart, Geo. D. Davis, Chrystie Miller, Nellie Yale Nelson, Marion Shirley, Mildred Lawrence and others.

ELECTION OF OFFICERS.

At the twenty-third annual meeting of the trustees of the Chase Home for Children, the following officers were chosen for the ensuing year:

President, Rev. Henry E. Hovey; Treasurer and Secretary, John S. Rand; Treasurer of Current Expenses, Elizabeth W. Freeman.

The following board of lady managers were elected:

Mrs. John Sise, Ann W. Peirce, Mrs. D. H. Montgomery, Mrs. Wm. O. Junkins, Winnie D. Goodrich, Mrs. L. V. Newell, Mary L. Varrell, Mrs. Albert R. Junkins, Anna L. Pillow, Elizabeth O. Shores, Louise H. Thatcher, Elizabeth W. Freeman.

Mrs. Louise M. Davis was re-elected matron.

"Catch the opportunity." By taking Hood's Sarsaparilla now you may build up your health and prevent serious illness.

CLAMS ARE SCARCE.

High in Price and Hard to Get For Any Purpose.

There has been a great scarcity in the clam market for the past few weeks, and clams have been high and hard to get. So difficult has the situation become that the Concord firemen have had to give up one of their most popular forms of amusement, that of eating steamed clams.

Local fish dealers were interviewed on the clam business Monday, and they say that where they have been paying \$3 to \$4 per barrel for clams they ought to pay but \$2. The frozen condition of the beaches, the heavy snows, and the cold weather have made clams hard to dig, and this has been the reason why they cannot be obtained.

For the last two weeks the dealers have had to get along largely on slucked clams, for these can be kept over in cold storage and used when the other kind are scarce, but even these are not plenty, and the dealers say that when they get an order for 100 gallons they can only fill about 25 gallons. Clams that get their shells broken and would not go for good steamed clam snappers can be sucked and are just as good for chowder. Lately what are called Boston mud clams have been coming in quite extensively, the beaches in Maine and New Hampshire being in such a wintry condition that none could be dug up along there.

It is stated that now that warmer and more springlike weather is setting in the clams will begin to be plenty again, and that the firemen and every body else can get all they want.

OGUNQUIT.

OGUNQUIT, March 12.

There was no service at the Christian church, Sunday, as the March session of the York and Cumberland Christian conference was held with the Christian church at York, commencing Friday and continuing through Sunday.

E. J. F. Littlefield has the contract to build an annex to the Misses Pickering's house at High Pasture. Mr. F. Raitt of Kittery and H. T. Littlefield have been working on the stone wall of the Pickering annex the past week.

Mrs. Payne, widow of the late Rev. George Morse Payne, died at the home of Arthur Littlefield, Saturday, at the age of 87 years. Funeral was held Monday at the Christian church.

Mrs. George Stearns and daughter, Mabel, of Cincinnati, O., have been the guest of Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Littlefield for the past three weeks.

Mrs. George Adams returned from Milo, March 9th, after an absence of two weeks, being called there by the illness of her mother.

HOW'S THIS?

We offer One Hundred Dollars reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, O.

We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and he has been perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by their firm.

West & Thayer, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.;
Walding, Kinnear & Marvin, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price 75c. per bottle. Sold by all Druggists. Testimonials free.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

POOL.

The Portsmouth and the Kittery pool players met on Monday evening and the latter won in a close and exciting game. The score by tables was as follows:

Robbins and Titus, Kittery, 50; Barus and Trueman, Portsmouth, 49.
Paul and Barker, Kittery, 50; Lord and Frost, Portsmouth, 48.
Bowden and Chickering, Kittery, 50; Harrison and Leslie, Portsmouth, 49.
Bickford and Marks, Portsmouth, 50; Lathrop and Goodrich, Kittery, 48.
Total, Kittery 198, Portsmouth 196.

After the game the players adjourned to the Manhattan cafe, where they partook of one of Caterer Lamb's finest turkey suppers at the expense of the Portsmouth boys. The third and deciding game will be played on next Monday evening.

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. E. W. Grove's signature is on each box. 25c.

FRANKLIN'S TOLERANCE.

The Philosopher Always Ready to Serve His Sectarian Friends.

One usually thinks of Franklin as any thing but a religious man, and religious in the orthodox, conventional sense he certainly was not. Yet he was a believer in God and immortality and the efficacy of good works. His close personal friends were many of them, devout Christians. In the chapter on "Franklin's Religion" in his "Many Sided Franklin" series in The Century Mr. Paul L. Ford says:

Franklin had that rarest kind of tolerance which tolerates the opinions of others, and though he laughingly asserted that "Orthodoxy is my doxy and heterodoxy is your doxy" his whole life was one contradiction of the epigram, for the faith or lack of faith of his circle of friends ranged from the most radical of ministers to the most rigid of free thinkers. For such rigid Puritans as the Rev. Drs. Cooper and Mather of Boston, for the enthusiastic Whitefield, for the Anglican bishop of St. Asaph and for the Abbes de La Roche and Morrell he showed as much affection and respect as he did for Hume, Lord Le Desperer, Thomas Paine and others closer in accord with his own views. Nor was it even a one sided regard. No man in Pennsylvania exercised such influence over the agent in Great Britain, and he served her faithfully, even to the defending of her religious intolerance against English criticism. In France the papal nuncio consulted him frequently and followed his advice in the changes the Revolutionary war made possible or necessary in the Catholic church in America. Absolutely unsectarian as he was, Franklin apparently was trusted by all sects, and he seems never to have refused a service that he could render any one of them.

A Real Fortress.

The monastery of Solovetsk, in Archangel, Russia, is inclosed on every side by a wall of granite boulders, measuring nearly a mile in circumference, and is the best protected in the world. The monastery itself is very strongly fortified, being supported by round and square towers about 80 feet in height, with walls 20 feet in thickness. The monastery consists in reality of six churches, which are completely filled with statues of all kinds and precious stones.

Upon the walls and the towers surrounding these churches are mounted huge guns, which in the time of the Crimean war were directed against the British White sea squadron. The monks who inhabited the monastery at that time marched in procession on the granite walls while the shells were flying over their heads to prove how little they feared the attack of the British fleet. Ten thousand pilgrims come annually to Solovetsk from all parts of Russia to view the churches and the relics. They are conveyed in steamers commanded and manned solely by monks.

A Currier's Judgment.

The late James Baird of Garthsherrie, who in 1873 gave a sum of £500,000 to the Church of Scotland, was very fond of curling, called in Ayrshire playing at the ice.

It was capturing a side, and it fell to the lot of the incumbent of his new church to play the last and deciding shot of the game. Mr. Baird pointed out to him the position in which he wished him to lay the curling stone, but his protégé only sent the stone some half way up the course. Mr. Baird remarked that the minister would "never play at the ice in this world, and it was little he would see in the next."—London Chronicle.

AT THE NAVY YARD.

The Raleigh's smoke pipes are being prepared for use.

The rifle range for the marines is to be located in Eloth.

The golf players are talking over prospects for the season.

The basket ball teams have a fine place to play in the Spanish hospital building.

Commander W. F. Swinburne, U. S. N., has returned from a trip to Boston, where he went to meet his family.

Naval Constructor John G. Tawressey, U. S. N., has returned from Washington. He was detained in Philadelphia several days by illness.

The members of the Shea-McAuliffe company visited the yard on Monday and invited the officers to witness the presentation of A Man O' War's Man at Music hall tonight.

SOMETIMES REQUEST IT.

Men Are Actually Learning to Ask to Have Their Lives Insured.

Life insurance is a commodity that is at last sought for to some extent. It is years since its utility has been questioned, but the peculiar fact has nevertheless remained that though one of the greatest of modern essentials and so conceded by all sane men, yet its acceptance by the individual needing it has been due wholly to the personal solicitation of those having it for sale.

Of late years, however, insurers have come to the point where they not infrequently seek the indemnity themselves, or at least send for agents of leading companies and announce that they wish to take out policies. This is a marked and important step in the history of life underwriting, though why it should not always have been the case is one of the curiosities of human thought. Why a man should hasten to insure his warehouse, which will probably never burn, and yet have to be insured to insure his life, which in due time he knows he must certainly lose, is an oddity of the human mind that has ever been a puzzle to the student of insurance. But such is still the case today despite the fact noted that some men, abler and shrewder than their fellows, have at last learned to ask the privilege of being insured.

Of the hundreds of millions of new insurance issued during the past year probably less than 5 per cent was requested by the insured themselves. The rest will have been due wholly to the men who drew the new policy holders' attention to the value of insurance and stuck to them until they made them understand and believe it. However, 5 per cent of inherent shrewd sense, of knowing what is needed and sending for it, is perhaps a good average for mankind as a whole in anything.—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

Senator Vest and the Stolen Pigs.

A story that Senator Vest once told related to his candidacy for the legislature in 1861 against A. S. Walker. The canvass was exceedingly exciting because of the near approach of war, and all the questions incident to it were discussed with much animation. Charges and countercharges were made. Both sides knew that about six votes either way would determine the contest, and on the day before election Walker raised the point on Vest that he had stolen some pigs. The only way that Vest could meet the charge was to acknowledge smilingly that he had the pigs in his pen and in his possession. If he had gone further and said that he had bought them—which they hoped he would do—they had witnesses to show that he had not bought them, but Vest was too shrewd to be caught in the trap and turned the accusation off with a laugh and the remark:

"One can't account for the way his boys get pigs."—St. Louis Republic.

The Playwright's Wall.

"How these actors and actresses do talk about 'creating parts,'" says a woman who writes plays. "We poor playwrights work ourselves to death making characters that fit the players like their own skins, and then they go on the stage and act like themselves, and we hear people talking with admiration about that clever woman or clever man who created the character. Well, they don't create it. That is usually done for them, but it would never do to say so."—New York Times.

And They Lived Happily Ever After.

"Miss Willing," began the young man as he wiped the cold perspiration from his brow. "Are you fond of stories?"
"If they are new, Mr. Woodby," replied the fair maid, "I simply adore them."
"But the one I was going to tell you, Miss Willing, is not new," said the young man. "It is, I might say, Miss Willing—er, Clara—the old, old story, but—"
"Oh, never mind, George!" she interrupted. "Even if it is a chestnut, I'm sure I never heard it. Go on, please!"—Chicago News.

The depth of water affects the speed of steamers very considerably, the vessels moving more slowly in shallow than in deep water.

It is said that the Turks were the first to bury their dead in cemeteries adorned with ornamental headstones.

After Dinner

To assist digestion, relieve distress after eating or drinking too heartily, to prevent constipation, take

Hood's Pills

Sold everywhere. 25 cents.

Great Bargain Sale.

Queen Quality, Ladies' Lace & Button Shoes, \$3.00
Dunoon's Shoe Store.

Men's \$2.50 and \$3.00 Shoes, now \$1.99
Men's High Cut Russets \$3.50 " 2.98
Ladies' \$2.50 and 3.00 Shoes " 1.95
Bailey Ribbed Back Rubber, .58
One lot Men's and Boy's Shoes, 1.00
One lot Children's Shoes, .75

FRANKLIN SHOE—Every pair guaranteed to give satisfaction. Fit Franklin Shoes fit the feet, fit the eye and fit your purse.

Men's Sizes.....\$2.00 | Boys' Sizes.....\$1.50 | Youths' Sizes.....\$1.30

2 MARKET STREET.

NEW YORK'S MOST BRAZEN PAIR OF BUNKO STEERERS.

"Hungry Joe" and "Grand Central Pete" as they were described by an old detective—the methods of the two confidence men.

"The two most brazen bunko steerers that ever lived," said an old New York detective, "were 'Hungry Joe' and 'Grand Central Pete.' And I hold that there never was the equal of Pete—Peter Lake was his name—in the swindling line. The two men worked precisely the same game and in their careers were about equally successful, but there was this difference: Joe Lewis, or 'Hungry Joe,' was a born thief. If he hadn't been a man of brains, he'd have been a sand-bagger, and even as it was it was a difficult matter for him to be even decently polite to his victim after he had stripped him. I've known him to grab a man's money and then punch the man, when, with a little patience, he could just as easily have talked him out of it.

"I remember well how this phase of Joe's character landed him in jail for a good term once. An English tourist named Ramsden came here and fitted up a swell hotel. Joe spotted him and introduced himself on Broadway one day as Henry F. Post, nephew of Captain Murphy of the Gallia, the steamer in which Ramsden had come over. How Joe knew that Murphy and the Englishman had become great friends on the voyage I don't know, but it was a fact that they had, and Joe was on his feet. He told Ramsden that he was a whole lot of details about this case that I'll skip, but by the usual methods the tourist was induced to drop into a place on Grand street, where a deck of cards turned up unexpectedly. Things were going beautifully, and the Englishman had ten \$5 notes in his hand, ready to bet them, when the sight of the money made Joe lose control of himself. He grabbed the money, upper cut Mr. Ramsden and skipped out. I picked him up a few days later, and Ramsden pushed the case, so we sent Joe up the river.

"Joe could do a neat job though. He made a chum out of Oscar Wilde when the latter visited this country and used to dine with him at the old Hotel Brunswick almost every day. He worked him to perfection and finally got a check for \$5,000 out of him. Somebody tipped Wilde off about his friend, however, and the author beat Joe to the bank with a stop payment order by about two minutes. But, on the whole, Joe's impetuosity, inspired by greed and partly the result of a strain of brutality in him, made him, in my mind, a second rate.

"But this man Lake was the wonder. He was the finished swindler if there ever was one. They used to say that he could talk a bank note from a man's pocket in his own, and I verily believe he could. He talked incessantly. When he caught a victim, he would pick out his man, then make a rush at him, grab him by the hand and talk, talk, talk. The man would never get a chance to say a word. Sooner or later Pete would say something that would interest the man, and when he'd done that he knew it. Actually that man has talked his way into the confidence of hundreds of intelligent men whom he had never seen or heard of before. Nothing ever scared him, and he was invariably got something out of his victims. He was never in a hurry, and long after he had a man and the money was in his grasp he would toy with his victim just for amusement. I could tell you dozens of stories about Peter Lake that would amaze you, but I will only relate one. This story is strictly true, and I could mention the names of the two business men of this city who are involved, but I won't for various reasons.

"Pete had spotted a man who sat at a desk in the window of a Forty-second street building every day. One morning he decided to pluck him. He got hold of a boy who was passing.

"You are my son Willie," he cried. "Come with me and I'll call me papa. If all goes well, you get \$500." The boy was 16 years old and a bright boy. He agreed to the terms, and, taking him by the hand, Pete rushed into the office occupied by the man he had seen from the street. He gave him the old game of talk, and from the great mass of words hurled at him the man managed to extract the information that his visitor's son Willie was about to start back for Yale after a week's visit home and that his father had forgotten his pocketbook and wanted to borrow \$50. Pete gave a name which he had taken at random from the building directory in the hall, and in ten minutes he had \$50 out of his victim and he was going west of Forty-second street while Willie was going east.

"When the victim recovered from the assault of words, he tumbled to the fact that he had been swindled and started after Pete. He saw him get on a Broadway car and calling a detective put him on the trail. Pete jumped off the car at Leonard street, rushed into a wholesale dry goods store—he knew he was being followed—and jollied his way without being announced into the office of the head of the firm. A half hour later the detective, who had lost the trail and found it again, burst into the office and found Pete smoking the cigars of the head of the firm and talking business with that individual. The detective decided to arrest Pete at once. He denounced him as a notorious bunko stealer, was requested to leave the office by the merchant. The detective's explanations and expostulations were in vain, and he finally had to get out. He went outside, however, and lay for Pete. But that slick individual had actually induced the merchant to let him out by a rear door, and Pete got away.

"When Superintendent Byrnes heard of the matter, he had the merchant come to headquarters and explain why he allowed the crook to escape. Well, sir, the merchant was indignant over the thing. It took nearly an hour to make him see what a fool he had been, and then he saw it all at once. But what do you think of a man with such powers as those of Lake?"—New York Sun.

Sympathy.

"How long, my young friend," inquired the venerable judge, "have you been trying to make a living by practicing law in this city?"

"Six years," said the young attorney. "How unfortunate."

"I don't know, your honor. I have managed to pick up a pretty good living." "I was thinking of the community," mused the judge, shaking his head.—Chicago Tribune.

The Traps That Are Laid For Them by Foreign Aristocrats.

"An American girl had better be dead than marry a foreign aristocrat. Let these so-called noblemen alone. That is my advice to every young American woman," said the Comtesse Lorean de Chavanne in an interview. She was formerly Miss Benson of Brooklyn, daughter of Captain Henry John Benson of the famous cutter service, and speaks from experience.

"I want to warn American young women to shun the decadent foreigners with titles who try to marry rich wives," she added. "It is a matter of barter and sale. I was an American girl, and when very young I married a Frenchman of title. When he died, I found among his papers a contract which he had made with a person who was in that business to find him an eligible wife with a fortune. He paid in installments for the services of the person who brought me to his attention. He squandered my money, and my life was unhappy.

"My experience is typical of the rottenness of the foreign aristocracy, especially that of France. Among these specious nobles flourish the business of high class matrimonial agents with a quasi social standing, who, for a commission, find wives for marriageable men of title. It is infamy, and I want to warn the poor little American girls who go abroad with false notions and who are easily dazzled by a title against the shame of it.

"As the wife of the Count Chavanne I moved for some years in the society of the Faubourg St. Germain. I know its little sins and its big sins. I know its scandals, and I know the private history of many persons whose names are spoken with awe in the society of New York city. The histories of many of them will not bear inspection.

"When there is marriage without love, how can you keep out scandal? High society in France has all too much of it. It is honeycombed with it. When the poor American girl whose papa has a fat bank account goes to Paris, she is flattered by attentions which she receives from Mme. This and Mme. That. Madame proposes to introduce her to her own milliner, where she can secure the very latest French gowns. Such a thoughtful kindness touches the little American girl, who can never know that Madame gets a commission from the milliner. She will get a commission on the little American girl, too, if she can manage to marry her to some gilded nobleman.

"Sham, hypocrisy, deceit and lying are typical of French noblemen in high society. Women of title and fashion rent their opera boxes by the year. A night comes when she does not care to go to the opera. Mme. Somebody offers it to some American family flattered to death to be seen in the titled Frenchwoman's opera box. No, she won't accept pay, but if the liberal Americans want to give anything to my lady's poor fund, why, it will be accepted.

"When I left France, I was assured of a fine income if I would only keep a sharp watch here for rich American heiresses intending to go to Paris and provide the means for their introduction to the proper parties in Paris."—San Francisco Argonaut.

Thackeray's Taverns.

When Harry Warrington comes to London, he puts up at the Bedford and dines with Mr. Draper at the Cock. That establishment, however, must have been conducted on somewhat different principles in George II's reign from those which governed it in the days of Queen Victoria, for Mr. Draper had ordered what he called "an elegant collation there" beforehand, a thing unknown at the Cock when the plump head waiter held sway.

In Vanity Fair Dobbin and George Osborne dine at the Cock, in St. Martin's lane, a house which seems in Colman's time to have been much used by Frenchmen. There he and Mr. Chopper, Osborne's head clerk, and the two ensigns, Spooner and Stubbs, have "a famous dinner" together before the officers depart on the Waterloo campaign.

When Dobbin revisits the house after ten years in India, John, the old waiter, receives him as if he had only left the day before and supposes he'll have a roast fowl for his dinner. These faithful old waiters at these old taverns regarded regular customers as friends and practiced much the same familiarity with them as the old fashioned manservant used with his master's family in which he had lived perhaps half a century and for whom he would have died. In "Pendennis" we have Dick's and the Albion. Of Dick's Thackeray seems to write with special interest, as if it had been a favorite resort of his own in early days.—Blackwood's.

The First House.

Some time ago the dead letter office in Washington received a foreign letter addressed to the "First House in America." The chief clerk of the puzzle bureau sent the letter to the federal large office of New York on the theory that this would be the first house entered by a foreign immigrant landing in America. His theory proved correct, for when the letter was opened it was found to contain a communication in Russian informing the immigration commissioner of the impending arrival of some Polish Jewesses who expected to be met at the large office by their relatives. "The first house in America" is not a bad description for the little gray stone building that stands at the "First" of New York surmounted by a turret and flagstaff flying a faded specimen of Old Glory above the vertical stripes and stars of the custom house. This is where all immigrants admitted to New York first set foot on dry land.—Collier's Weekly.

Unequal Punishment.

How long should an honest man be punished for a mistake? If a dishonest man commits a robbery or a murder, he is punished for a given term of years, but if he is a fairly honest citizen and tries to do his duty and makes a mistake he is punished as long as he lives.—Acheson Globe.

Transparent.

Little Brother—Mr. Johnson, won't you go and stand before the window?

Mr. Johnson—Certainly, my little man, but why?

Little Brother—Oh, ma says she can see through you. I want to see if I can.

Worry.

Worry is a state of spiritual corrosion. A trouble either can be remedied or it can't. If it can, then set about it; if it cannot, be dismised it from consciousness, or bear it so bravely that it may become transfigured to a blessing.

There's a little band of singers Every evening comes and lingers 'Neath the window of my cottage in the trees, And with dark they raise their voices, While the gathering night rejoices, And the leaves join in the chorus with the breeze.

Then the twinkling stars come out To enjoy the merry rout, And the squirrels range themselves upon a log, And the fireflies twinkle bright, And they sing their notes bright— The Lady did, the cricket and the frog.

All the night I hear them singing, Through my heart their tunes are ringing— Strains of music straight from Mother Nature's heart: Now the katydid and cricket, From the deep of yonder thicket, Then the croaking frog off yonder droves his part.

By and by the moon appears, As the midnight hour nears, And the lowing of the lowing mist and fog, Then the mirth is at its height, And they glorify the night— The katydid, the cricket and the frog.

—Philadelphia North American.

DIVING FOR FRESH WATER.

Immense Springs That Spout From the Bottom of the Sea.

What is believed to be the hottest region in the world is that part of the eastern shore of the Persian gulf which is named after the Bahrein islands that lie near it. On the Bahrein island proper, which is the largest of the group, the thermometer never falls below 100 degrees day or night and often rises as high as 140 degrees in the shade. Only the natives can bear this enormous heat at all, and even they suffer terribly at times because the fierceness of the temperature varies so little and gives them hardly a respite.

To add to the decided discomforts of the region the coast is so dry that 1,000 feet without striking water. There is not a drop to be had except far in the interior, and the condition of water carried for any distance in such heat as this may be imagined. Yet the natives never lack for water that is not merely fresh, but actually cool. And they get it in a way that is wonderful. They get it by diving into the sea for it.

Many years ago pearl fishers who dived into the waters off the shores of these islands for pearls, which are plentiful there, discovered that immense springs spouted from the bottom of the sea. Accidentally they found that these springs were of sweet water. Ever since then a regular industry, perhaps one of the strangest industries in the world, has been that of diving for fresh water.

The divers go out every morning. They take with them goatskins, and, weighted with stones to insure a swift descent, they plunge into the depths. At the bottom they hold the mouths of the skins over a spring and as soon as it is filled tie it up swiftly and ascend. The skins are hauled up by lines.

As there are 75,000 persons in that barren group of islands, the industry of diving for fresh water is a large one, and the divers get rich. The water is about 20 degrees cooler than is the atmosphere on land, so it is a boon to the suffering population, and the lucky divers who get to land first are certain of high price. In fact, the divers, and as the water is the more the divers, and as the submarine springs are only a mile away from shore the water hardly gets time to lose any of its grateful temperature before it is landed, if one can say that water is "landed."

Stumbled, but Won a Wife.

Governor Aaron V. Brown of Tennessee was a Chesterfield for politeness and a Talleyrand for wit. When he, a much admired widower, was paying his addresses, as yet unreturned, to an attractive young widow, he called at her house one day and was ushered into a room darkened to the degree which the prevailing fashion of those days declared to be elegant, and before the governor had familiarized himself with the surrounding objects in the gloom the young widow entered the room. With enthusiastic devotion he advanced to meet her, but, not noticing a low stool directly in his pathway, he stumbled over it and plumped upon his knees directly at the feet of the object of his affections. Before she could utter a word of apology or sympathy the adroit governor, seizing her hand, exclaimed, "Madam, a happy accident has brought me where inclination has long led me. The formal declaration which followed was of course successful, for such ready gallantry could not be resisted.—Ladies' Home Journal.

Plural Mothers.

Under the title of "Plural Mothers" a writer in the Madras Law Journal discusses the question whether "between two females, both of whom are entitled to claim as mothers, primogeniture depends on priority of marriage or upon seniority of age."

This brings to mind the anecdote of a supposed innatist in an insane asylum who claimed to be Napoleon (or Julius Cesar, perhaps it was) and when told that he had not long before claimed to be Alexander the Great dexterously replied, "Ah, but that was by another mother."

This alleged plurality of mothers is somewhat startling. In India, however, the problem arises on the adoption of a child by a man who has several wives, each of whom thereby becomes a mother of the child.

Old Time Surgery.

A grim souvenir of an old time war was on view in a cutler's window in the east end of London recently. It is an ebony handled saw, which, according to the inscription on a brass plate attached to the instrument, was used by a surgeon of the British army to amputate the limbs of wounded soldiers at Blenheim, Malplaquet and Ramillies.

The World Is Learning.

Briggs—Do you believe that the world is divided into two classes, those who borrow and those who lend?

Griggs—No, sir. My experience is that two other classes are much more prevalent—those who want to borrow and those who won't lend.—Life.

The Speed of Telegrams.

The time a telegram needs to go from London to Alexandria is 20 minutes; to Bombay, about 1 hour; to Peking, 2 hours; and to Melbourne, 3 hours; from London to New York, 2½ minutes.

In 1860 geography was thought to be "indolent" for girls, and they were seldom allowed to study it.

France imports 1,000,000 tons of coke per year.

An Exciting Hotel Incident in Bar Harbor's Early Days.

"In the prehistoric days at Bar Harbor," said a Boston man, "before the dress suit had cast its blighting shadow there and when Rodick's and the 'fish pond' were the center of all the gayety, life was pleasant, even though many of the conveniences which we now demand were wholly lacking. Rodick's was a barn of a place, with no elevator and innocent of electric bells. One man in imminent need of ice water once obtained it, however, by going into the hall and yelling 'Murder!' at the top of his lungs. He gathered together most of the hotel guests and finally got the ice water of his soul's desire, but his success did not seem to establish a precedent.

"The fire department was, so to speak, in embryo. In the Rodick at the head of each stairway there used to stand a large hoghead of water for use in an emergency, and thereby hangs the tale I am about to tell you.

"Late of an evening there entered the deserted 'fishpond' a young man whose fixed and glassy eye and wandering smile betrayed what his evening's occupation had been. In order to settle any lingering doubt as to his condition, however, he proceeded to emit a series of blood-curdling shrieks, which called forth a hasty and emphatic protest from the night clerk, who, on advancing upon the infuriated one, was promptly laid low by a right hander. The night force in an angry army promptly went to the snore of the night clerk, whereas his assailant retreated up stairs, closely followed by his pursuers.

"Reaching the landing, he espied the hoghead of water, which he promptly heaved down the stairway upon his opponents, who, drenched by the water and carried off their feet by the butt itself, in a wild state of rage renewed the attack, only to be treated to the same dose on the second flight of stairs and yet again on the third, at which point, his ammunition being exhausted, they captured and got even with the belligerent one.

"In the morning great was the anger and loud the lamentations of Herr Rodick at the state of his stairway and the damaged condition of his night force, but he who had accomplished the outrage was rich in this world's goods, from part of which he was made to separate for divers ruined carpets, sundry abrasions and for giving five men three baths apiece at \$1 a bath, the regular rate at that time in Bar Harbor."—New York Tribune.

SHOT THEIR OWN WAY.

The Formosa Savages Won the Match With the Englishmen.

The wild mountaineers of inner Formosa are still very little known. The few whites who have met them tell stories about them that are either amusing or curious. Here is one of the stories that Colborne Baber told: He said a party of English officers from a man-of-war landed on the island and met a lot of natives who were armed with matchlocks. The Englishmen had an interest in the natives and talked freely with them. At last the natives challenged the natives to a trial of skill in shooting, and the offer was accepted.

The Englishmen fastened a mark to a tree about 100 yards distant. The officers led off and made what they considered pretty fair practice, but the natives didn't seem to be at all impressed. Then the fellows with the matchlocks were informed that it was their turn, and, much to the surprise of the whites, every man of them threw himself on his belly and began to crawl through the underbrush toward the target. They squirmed over the ground to within about three yards of the target, then blazed away, and, of course, every man hit the mark exactly in the center.

"Look here!" said the whites. "This isn't exactly fair, is it?" Then they explained to the aborigines the accepted rules of target practice. The natives listened with much interest and then made this comment:

"Well, we don't know anything about the way you men shoot at marks, but we've just shown you how we shoot Chinese, and why shouldn't we shoot at a mark the same way? We want to hit things when we fire, and why shouldn't we fire the way we can shoot best?"

Nothing could convince them that they hadn't won the match, and they walked off with the small prize the whites had put up for the best marksmanship.—Exchange.

Deaf Persons and Their Offspring.

Investigations into the results of marriages between deaf persons produce several highly interesting facts. As would naturally be supposed, unions in cases where both partners are deaf are far more liable to result in deaf offspring than ordinary marriages. But the proportion of such instances is only about 10 per cent and the proportion of deaf children born thereof 5½ per cent, while the proportion of deaf children born of ordinary marriages scarcely attains 1 per cent. It also transpires that deaf persons having deaf relatives and married to deaf partners are very liable to deaf offspring, consanguinity being an element specially favorable to the transmission of auricular malformations. All these results are strictly in accordance with the two laws of heredity which lay down that a physical anomaly tends to be transmitted to the offspring and that offspring tends to revert to the normal type.

Peacocks Founded by Trade.

Glance through the peacocks and cross out the peacocks founded by trade, and how many would be left? The carillon of Essex was founded by a draper; that of Warwick, now a commercial enterprise in itself, by a wool stapler; that of Northumberland, the "Proud Percys," by an apothecary; that of Lancashire, by a peddler who was so poor that he lived three weeks on walnuts. Lord Tenterden, the chief justice, stopping with his son outside Canterbury cathedral, pointed to a shed opposite and said: "Charles, in that shed your grandfather used to shave for a penny. It is the proudest reflection of my life."—London Answers.

She Got It.

"My dear," began the minister's wife, "there's a bonnet down at the millin'— 'There you go again,' he interrupted. 'Always thinking of worldly things.' 'But, my dear, you wrong me,' she said. 'This bonnet is perfectly heavenly.'—Philadelphia Press.

Cork, as nearly every one knows, is one of the best nonconductors of heat or sound. That it has not been more widely used in building is due chiefly to the difficulty of obtaining it in an unadulterated form.

The Wilmington's Salute in the Amazon Depopulated a Village.

In describing the course of the United States steamer Wilmington up the Amazon river E. H. Coleman relates the following amusing incident in Ainslee's Magazine:

Six days after her departure from Manaus the Wilmington reached a point where the Solimoes ends and the Rio Marañon and Rio Javari, which form it, begin. The Rio Javari has the distinction of serving as the boundary line between Brazil and Peru for some 500 miles, and close to its junction with the Marañon is a small town, Tabatinga, at which is maintained a force of Brazilian soldiers, who have the monotonous task of guarding the frontier.

The Wilmington fired a national salute as she slowly approached the station and sent a boat ashore to exchange the usual courtesies. On gaining the little wharf extending out from the bluff banks in front of the town the officer in charge of the gunboat's cutter noticed, with some surprise, that the crowd of spectators previously observed on the shore had entirely disappeared.

There were several Brazilian soldiers at the landing, and one of these ventured to approach the naval officer. The Brazilian seemed greatly startled, and from the actions of his companions it was evident they felt unaccountably alarmed.

"Senhor," exclaimed the former hastily, "we are without news, and we beg that you will enlighten us at once."

"News of what?" was the American's puzzled reply. "I am sure I!"

"Then there is no war?" broke in the soldier.

"Not in this part of the world." "But you fired?"

The Wilmington's representative stifled his desire to laugh and gravely explained the gunboat's presence and her well meant courtesy in expending so much powder.

"I am delighted," finally confessed the Brazilian. "But, senhor," he added, "you have depopulated the village. All the natives have fled to the jungle, and I doubt if you can induce them to return until you have gone. Senhor, those guns, they echo yet!"

A mile or two above Tabatinga several huts were noticed near the river's bank, but the most careful scrutiny with glasses could not discover signs of life. It was plainly apparent the salute of the Wilmington had badly frightened every Indian within hearing.

CRAFTY TOM BYRNES.

How He Kept an Unseen Eye on the Newspaper Reporter.

When former Superintendent Thomas Byrnes was the celebrated Inspector Byrnes of the New York detective force, he occupied a queer suit of rooms in one corner of the old marble police headquarters in Mulberry street. It was always a place of mystery. The inspector sat at a flat table at one end of the room. It was frequently covered with papers. On the walls, in glass cases, were odds and ends of criminology—bits of rope that had hanged notorious murderers, black caps, revolvers that had figured in infamous cases and other depressing objects.

One day the inspector left a new reporter at his table and went into another room. He was gone half an hour. When he came back, the reporter said:

"Inspector, did you have me watched while you were gone?"

"No, Why?"

"There are some pretty interesting papers on your desk, aren't there?"

"Nothing of any great value. Why do you ask?"

"What was to prevent my reading some of those letters and getting a mighty good story for my paper?" asked the reporter.

"Two reasons," answered the inspector. "In the first place, I never leave a scrap of paper on my desk that the whole world is not welcome to read. Secondly, you couldn't have touched a sheet without my knowing it. Look at that penholder," pointing to a cheap affair laid carelessly across a bundle of papers.

"Notice the direction in which it points. One end points at that doorknob and the other at that black cap. Now, you never would have noticed that, but I did before leaving the room, and if you had touched a single paper you would have displaced that penholder, and I would have known it."—Philadelphia Saturday Evening Post.

Gladstone and Quaritch.

The late Mr. Quaritch had a high opinion of Mr. Gladstone's knowledge of antique books, and when the Grand Old Man visited, as he often did, the shop in Piccadilly he was invariably shown by the proprietor any curiosity that chanced to be in his possession. One day Mr. Quaritch handed Mr. Gladstone Sir Thomas Elyot's black letter, "Castell of Helth," printed in 1534, and said, "Do you see anything wrong with it?"

The old statesman fixed his pince-nez and scanned the title page. Something excited his suspicion, so he picked up a magnifying glass and had a good look at the printing. "Facsimiled and not a type impression, I fancy, Mr. Quaritch," was Mr. Gladstone's comment.

He was right. The title page was missing, but it had been restored so ingeniously as to deceive anybody but an expert. Mr. Quaritch was wont to say, "In most points about a book Gladstone's just about right."—London Chronicle.

Sword and Bayonet.

The sword is the ordinary emblem of war. Did you ever hear of any one wounded with a sword? The bayonet is equally worthless; fighting men are getting farther apart all the time as a result of civilization. Civilization is smart, but cowardly. An officer rides at the head of his troops with a sword. Why does he not carry a Winchester? A sword is not only a relic of barbarism, but it is ridiculous. "The pen is mightier than the sword" is an old saying. It should be changed to "The pen is mightier than the Winchester."—Acheson Globe.

A Meddlesome Amateur.

"Uncle Bill, what is a political love feast?" "Well, it is when a big lot of politicians get together and pledge themselves to keep outsiders from getting on to their scraps."—Indianapolis Journal.

In Germany forestry is reduced to an exact science. Trees are never ruthlessly destroyed, and reproduction is constantly going on.

The law resembles the ocean in one respect. The greatest trouble is caused by breakers.—Chicago News.

Over a winding wayside wall Tagged and round and airy There crept a tender vine clinging vine Timelessly, day by day. At last its mantle of softest tint Covered each jagged seam: The straggling wall, half broken down, Became with that leafy, tinted crown Fair as an artist's dream.

Oh, for the kindness that clings and twines Over life's broken wall. That blossoms above the scars of pain. Striving to hide them all. Oh, for the helpful, mastering hands. Benevolent, willing feet. That spread rich mantles of tender thought Over life's hard places till time has wrought Its healing—divine, complete! —Lanta Wilson Smith in Youth's Companion.

A SEWING CROW.

The Marvelous Patience and Ingenuity Displayed by the Bird.

Perhaps of all my birds the one I called the sewing crow was the most amusing. It was a glossy black bird about the size of a thrush, with pale yellow tail and wing feathers and curious light blue eyes with very blue rims. It was brought from Venezuela, and its local Spanish name means "the ricebird," but it never specially affected rice as food, preferring fruit and meal worms. I had several of these crows, but one was particularly tame and rambled about the house seeking for sewing materials. I found it once or twice inside a large working full of crewels, where it had gone in search of gay threads with which it used to decorate the wire walls of an empty cage kept in the veranda outside my own sitting room. The extraordinary patience and ingenuity of that bird in passing the wool through the meshes of the wire can hardly be described. I suppose it was a reminiscence of nest building, because it always worked hardest in the springtime.

It had a great friend in a little "moriche," black and yellow also, but of a more slender build and with a very sweet whistle. The "moriche," too, was perfectly tame and flew all about the house, and it was very comic to watch its efforts at learning embroidery from its friend. It arrived at last at some sort of cogitation, but quite different from that of the crow, who evidently disapproved of it and often ruthlessly pulled the work of a laborious morning on the "moriche's" part to pieces. Now the "moriche" knew better than to touch the crow's work, though he often appeared to carefully examine it.

One day the crow must have persuaded the "moriche" to help him to roll and drag a reel of coarse white cotton from the corridor of the workroom, across the floor of my sitting room, into the veranda. I saw them doing this more than once and had unintentionally interfered with the crow's plans by picking up the reel and returning it to the maid's workbasket. However, one afternoon the crow got rid of me entirely, and on my return from a long expedition I found both the crow and "moriche" just going to roost in the empty cage, which was really only kept there for them to play in. I then perceived what the reel of cotton, which was again lying on the veranda floor, had been wanted for.

The crow had sewed a straw armchair with an open patterned seat securely to the cage by nine very long strands and was sleepily contemplating the work with great satisfaction. It was quite easy to see how it had managed, once a start was made with the cotton, but it must have entailed a great deal of flying in and out with the end of the cotton, for it had not been broken off. Of course I left the chair in its place, and it remained untouched for some months, but I always had to use it myself lest any one should move it too roughly and so break the connecting strands which had cost my little bird so much labor and trouble.—Cornhill Magazine.

His Denomination.

At the close of service one Sunday morning the pastor of a city church went down the aisle, as was his custom, to greet the strangers in the congregation. "You are not a member of our church," he said to one of them.

"No, sir," replied the stranger.

"Do you belong to any denomination, may I ask?"

"Well," responded the other hesitatingly, "I'm what you might call a submerged Presbyterian."

"How is that

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TUESDAY, MARCH 13, 1900.

Young Hay, consul at Pretoria, is getting along first rate with the Boers. By the way, what's become of what's his name, Macrum?

A Chicago official named McNally has worked fourteen days in one week and collected his pay for such phenomenal labors out of the public treasury.

In filling the niches in that New York "Temple of Fame" a good plan would be to put in the statue of no man who has not been dead a quarter of a century.

The statistics show that the garrison of Ladysmith ate a horse for every man in it during the siege. It was a long game of seven up, that was never finished, the count standing "a horse apiece."

It was easy enough to see the finish of that bill introduced by Gillette of Massachusetts, providing that liquor shall not be sold in the Philippines in less quantities than 20 gallons, without a physician's prescription.

They are getting so scrupulous in New York that Olga Nethersole has been held to the grand jury for exhibiting an immoral play, and now they are prosecuting men for lying about stocks in Wall street. If this principle is established—good by, Wall street!

The Loud bill relating to second-class mail matter, is to be considered on March 20. For the protection of all legitimate newspapers the bill as proposed by Mr. Loud is a good one. It is strongly opposed by book publishers and proprietors of Jim-crow sheets.

The people of the United States are the greatest meat eaters on the earth. Not only do they eat more meat but they also eat more of everything else that goes to make human food than any other nation, and they enjoy more comforts and pleasures in life than any other people on earth.

The hurry with which the house passed the bill carrying out the recommendation of the president to appropriate some \$2,000,000, for the relief of Porto Rico, being the custom duties collected since that island passed under American control, shows that that body can gracefully acknowledge it made a mistake.

"There can be no imperialism," said President McKinley in his speech in New York city. "Those who fear it are against it. Those who have faith in the republic are against it. So that there is universal abhorrence for it and unanimous opposition to it. The liberators will never become the oppressors. A self-governed people will never permit despotism in any government which they foster and defend." This covers the whole situation in a few words. There are no imperialists in this country.

There are not a few things that indicate a movement by Russia hostile to England's interests in Asia. Perhaps this will be the season selected by the czar for grasping at the long coveted port on the Persian gulf. Whatever may be the real motive of the gigantic preparations, one thing is sure and that is that England will not be taken unawares, and that enemies who wrench from her any portion of territory, power or prestige, will have to fight as they never fought before. It is probable, however, that this formidable readiness for anything that may happen will make France and Russia think twice, and even three times, before undertaking any overt act.

THE FRISSETTES ARRESTED ON A GRAVE CHARGE.

DOVER, N. H., March 12.—Marie Frisette and her husband, William J. Frisette, of Newmarket, were arrested here today on a charge of assault with intent to kill, on the child that was found in this city last Saturday. They were found in a tenement on Washington street. They will be arraigned tomorrow. It is known that the woman, whose name previous to her marriage with Frisette, was Marlowe, caused a warrant to be sworn out against him on January 18th, charging him with the paternity of her child. On the following day Frisette took out a marriage license. The child was born on February 14th in Newmarket. Frisette refused to live with the woman after being married to her. The woman does not speak English.

FOR ASSAULTING HIS WIFE.

DOVER, N. H., March 12.—Job Clay was arrested at his home in Lee today by Deputy Sheriff Seavey, on the charge of criminal assault on his wife last February. Her body will be examined tomorrow. Clay said that on February 14th, while they were driving home from Barrington, his wife, on account of the rough roads, was thrown out of the wagon on the edge of a pond and he rescued her. The next day she complained of a sore throat, but would not have a doctor. On the third day a doctor visited her and the same day she died in her husband's arms. Clay declares his innocence and claims that the selectmen are maliciously persecuting him.

THE WILLIAM T. HOOD SAFE.

CHATHAM, MASS., March 12.—The three-masted schooner which has been anchored off here for three days proves to be the William T. Hood, which sailed from Philadelphia for Boston on February 6th and had been given up as lost with all on board. Her crew is entirely exhausted and the vessel is practically bare of canvas and covered with ice. She was in a fierce blow off this coast and the men report a terrible experience. They had no water and the food gave out. Life-saving crews are now aboard.

WITHIN TWELVE MILES OF BLOEMFONTEIN.

LONDON, March 12.—The Daily News says Lord Roberts has marched fifteen miles and is now twelve miles south of Bloemfontein. He fowed most all the farms deserted and flying the white flag. The Boers are encamped along the Modder river.

CONCORD FAIR ASSOCIATION.

CONCORD, N. H., March 12.—The Concord Fair association was incorporated here today, for the purpose of holding an annual fair in this city, along the lines of the Brockton and Rochester fairs. The series will probably be inaugurated this year.

NATIVE OF PORTSMOUTH.

BROOKLYN, March 12.—Samuel S. Fernald, former vice president of the Phoenix Fire Insurance company of this city, died at his home here today of pneumonia, aged eighty-one. He was a native of Portsmouth, N. H.

CLAIMS FOR PRIZE MONEY.

WASHINGTON, March 12.—The claims of Admiral Dewey and his officers for prize money in connection with the battle of Manila bay will be argued before the supreme court on April 9th.

Parsons Pills
Doctors recommend them for Biliousness, Sick Headache, Constipation, all Liver and Bowel Complaints. They cleanse the blood of all impurities. Mild in their action. Of great value for all the common ailments of the digestive tract. In a bottle enclosed in a box. Price, 50 cents. Sold everywhere or sent post paid to I. S. JOHNSON & COMPANY, Boston, Mass.

GEN. CRONJE VISITS BRITISH CRUISER DORIS.

Cape Town, March 12.—United States Consul Stowe and General Cronje paid a visit to the British cruiser Doris today. General Cronje speaks well of his treatment at the hands of the British.

WEATHER INDICATIONS.

WASHINGTON, March 12.—Forecast for New England: Fair and warmer, Tuesday; Wednesday, generally fair except for probable snow in Maine.

LITERARY INKLINGS.

Said a bookseller Monday morning: "The best-selling novel on the market today is 'To Have and To Hold,' by Mary Johnson. It treats of the times of the earliest settlement of Virginia and is filled with love, privation and excitement. The novels of last summer come next in demand in the following order: Curval, Harman and Janice Meredith. Boer books, both statistical, descriptive and fiction, sell well."

Mr. Joseph I. C. Clarke has retired from the editorship of the Criterion, which, having abandoned the weekly field, is preparing to appear as a monthly. Mr. Clarke will resume his dramatic work. He declines to make any statement regarding his withdrawal from the Criterion further than that he wishes it success in its new endeavor.

Richard Hovey was a man of whom the world had expected a great deal and from whom it received much. What he gave was perhaps not all the world had a right to expect, but he was young when he died and he began to write and publish when he was a lad. There lingered in his writings a certain ordinariness, but in his later work this was beginning to disappear, and he was surely finding his vocation as a stylist when death came. When, after all, we have exhausted our criticism of Richard Hovey's work, we can say in all frankness that it was that of a poet. There was in it the swift sensibility to beauty without which verse is but rhyme.

No personal article about John Ruskin has so largely been inspired by intimate knowledge and sympathy as that written by Canon Rawnsley and printed in the magazine number of The Outlook for March. Dr. Rawnsley is the vicar of Crosthwaite, Keswick, and knew Brantwood and its master for many years. He writes with many details and anecdotes of Ruskin's services to his neighborhood and especially to the village of Conistone; of the great writer's friendships, and of the simple and touching services at his funeral. The article has several illustrations.

THE SHELTON DAILY.

Circulation Already Up to Two Hundred and Twenty-five Thousand.
Topika, March 12.—Rev. Charles M. Sheldon, author of "In His Steps" and other religious stories, today begins the actual work of demonstrating his idea of what a newspaper should be. The first edition of the Topika Capital under the direction of the paragon-novelist will appear tomorrow morning. The Capital publishes on Monday morning edition, and for this reason the question of Sunday work will not come up at the beginning of Rev. Sheldon's newspaper work. The members of The Capital staff, at the request of Rev. Sheldon, attended services yesterday at his church, the Central Congregational. Most of the newspaper correspondents who have arrived in the city to report the incidents in the work of Rev. Sheldon's experience in newspaper making also attended this service. All of The Capital's regular staff of editors and reporters will be retained, with the single exception of General Hudson, editor in chief, who will take a week off next. The large and efficient staff of The Capital. The regular mail carriers will be put on to handle the out of town orders. The matrices of the paper are to be sent to New York, Chicago and London, and reports of the paper as printed in Topika are to be made by thousands and sold.

Both Failed.
"This makes the tenth morning, ma'am, that I have tried to collect this milk bill." "I've tried more mornings than that, sir to collect a little cream from your milk, and I have never had any better success than you're going to have this time. Don't stop on the cat when you go out please."—Chicago Tribune.

A FEARFUL EXPERIENCE.

How a Dog Saved His Master From an Awful Death.

In "Wild Animals I Have Known" Mr. Ernest Seton Thompson relates a terrible experience. He had gone out alone to a remote district on his pony to inspect one wolf trap. In one of them he found a wolf and, having killed it, was engaged in resetting the trap when in a moment he sprang the trap wire, and his hand was caught in the massive steel jaw.

"I tried to pull my hand free," he said, "and I did not stop to think of the danger. I had thrown down a few feet away. Wolf traps are set in pairs around a baited bait and are covered with cotton and fine sand so as to be quite invisible. Instant on securing my wrench, I swung about my anchor, stretching and reaching to the utmost, unable to see just where it lay, but trusting to the sense of touch to find it. A moment later there was a sharp clank! and the iron jaws of trap No. 2 closed on my left foot.

"Struggle as I would, I could not remove either trap, and there I lay stretched out on the ground, and ed out and severely stricken. No one knew where I had gone, and there was slight prospect of any one coming to the place for weeks. The full horror of my situation was upon me—to be devoured by wolves or die of cold and starvation. My pony meantime stood patiently waiting to take me home. The afternoon waned, and night came on—a night of horror! Wolves howled in the distance and then came nearer and nearer. They seized upon and devoured the carcass of the one I had slaughtered, and one of them growling bolder, came up and snarled in my face.

"Then there was a sudden rush and a fight among the wolves. I could not see well, and for an instant I thought my time had come when a big fellow dashed upon me. But it was Bingo, my noble dog, who rubbed his shaggy, panting sides against me and licked my face. He had scattered the wolves and killed one, as I afterward learned.

"Lingo, Bingo, old boy! Fetch me the trap wrench! A wolf went and came dragging my rifle for he knew only that I wanted something.

"No, Bingo, the trap wrench! This time it was my sash, but at last he brought the wrench and wagged his tail in joy that it was right.

"With difficulty, reaching out with my free hand, I unscrewed the pillar nut. The trap fell apart, and my hand was released, and a minute later I was free. Bingo brought up my pony, which had fed at the approach of the wolves, and soon we were on the way home, with the dog as herald, leaping and barking for joy."

Ruskin's Vanity.

In one of his lectures as Slade professor of fine art at Oxford Mr. Ruskin confessed to his hearers something of his own appreciation of his literary style.

"None of my writings are done fluently. The second volume of Modern Painters was all of it written twice most of it four times over, and these lectures have been written I don't know how many times. You may think this was done merely in an author's vanity, not in a tutor's care. To the vanity I plead guilty. No man is more intensely vain than I am. But my vanity is set on having it known of me that I am a good master, not in having it said of me that I am a smooth author. My vanity is never more wounded than in being called a fine writer, meaning that nobody need mind what I say."

Gorgeous Swords.

Of gorgeous swords which are not so much weapons as settings for precious stones, the most valuable in England is said to be the one presented by the Egyptians to Lord Wolsley and valued at £2,000, but this sum is comparatively little for a bejeweled sword if the value of the sword brought over to Europe by the late Shah of Persia on his first visit—namely, £10,000—can be taken as a standard. Of what a diamond hilted weapon ought to cost. Those who can recall that wonderful saber will be somewhat skeptical about the existence of the galkarov of Barada's gorgeous blade, which is supposed to be worth more than 20 swords of equal beauty and value to the Shah's. But it is popularly supposed that the diamonds, rubies and emeralds with which it is thickly incrustated bring up its value to about £220,000, which at 4 per cent represents an income of about \$5,000 a year and renders the possession of such a sword something more than a mere luxury.—Chambers' Journal.

A Hardy Plague.

In 1896 the Dutch city of Haarlem was devastated by the influenza plague. Whole families perished, among them a family by the name of Oude, whose children, however, were buried in the Haarlem churchyard. Thirty or forty graves it was found that the masonry of the tomb was cut off up to the vault and the vault was entered. The masonry in charge of the work decided to the vault and to the vault through the masonry of the tomb. Although some of the graves were not yet closed, the epidemic had not yet been arrested. It was not until the middle of the year that the plague was finally brought under control. The influenza plague was a very hardy plague and it was not until the middle of the year that the plague was finally brought under control. The influenza plague was a very hardy plague and it was not until the middle of the year that the plague was finally brought under control.

Fighting the Mayas.

GUATEMALA, March 12.—A force of Mexican troops numbering less than 1,200 men, under Colonel Pineda, a General, made a steady advance against the Mayas Indians in Yucatan during the last several days and has gained several miles of rebel territory. Several attempts were made by the Indians to ambush the government troops, but were unsuccessful. Skirmishes between the troops and Indians are of daily occurrence, but there are few casualties reported on either side.

NO CROWN BECOMES A WOMAN
better than a crown of glorious hair. To attain beautiful hair is neither difficult nor expensive. A fair trial of our preparations convinces.
Mrs. N. E. Copeland, Oakland, Kansas, writes:
I have used the Seven Sutherland Sisters' Hair Grower and Scalp Cleaner for about two months and find that my hair has ceased falling out and is bright and healthy in appearance. Any inquiries will be cheerfully answered.
What this wonderful remedy has done for her it will do for anyone.
Sold by dealers everywhere.

Buy Now!

HAVE JUST RECEIVED A NEW LOT OF
Buggies of all descriptions, Milk Wagon, Steam Laundry Wagons, Store Wagons and Starke Carriages.
Also a large line of New and Second-Hand Harnesses, Single and Double, Heavy and Light, and I will sell them at Very Low Prices.
Just drop around and look them, if you don't want to buy.

THOMAS McCUE,
Stone Stable - Fleet Street

BUY ONLY THE BEST

OLD CO. LEIGH
-COAL-

FOR YOUR FURNACE OR STEAM HEATER.

The only full supply at
137 MARKET ST.
J. A. & A. W. WALKER.

Check-List Notice.

THE Board of Registrars of Voters for the City of Portsmouth hereby give notice that they will be in session at the Common Council Chamber at City Hall in said City on the following dates, to wit: February 1st, 5th, 9th, 13th, 16th, 20th, 24th, 27th, March 3d, 5th, 9th, at the following hours: 8 A. M. to 12 P. M. to 5 P. M. to 8 P. M. to 9 P. M. for the purpose of making up and correcting the Check-List of the several Wards in said City to be used at the City Election to be held on March 18th, 1900.

The said Board will be in session at the same place on March 18th, 1900, from 8 A. M. to 12 P. M. and from 1 P. M. to 4 P. M., for the purpose of granting certificates to those legal voters whose names are omitted from the Lists.
Voters must bear in mind that it is their personal duty to see that their names are on the List by presenting themselves at some meeting of the Board. This clause will be strictly enforced.
LORRENZO T. BURNHAM, Chairman, Jan 25, 1900.
EDWARD BAWLEY, Clerk.

CEMETERY LOTS CARED FOR

AND TURFING DONE.
WITH increased facilities the subscriber is again prepared to take charge and keep in order such lots in any of the cemeteries of the city as may be entrusted to his care. He will also give careful attention to the turfing and grading of them, also to the cleaning of monuments and headstones, and the removal of bodies in addition to work at the cemeteries by will during and grading in the city at short notice.

Cemetery lots for sale, also Loan and Turf. Orders filled at his residence, corner of Rich and Atlantic and South street, or by mail, or by delivery. Wm. Ham (successor to S. S. Fletcher) 60 Market Street, will receive prompt attention.
J. M. J. GREEN

DIMOND'S
COLD IN THE HEAD
SNUFF.
Trade Mark.
N. Y.

PORTSMOUTH'S SECRET AND SOCIAL SOCIETIES.
WHEN AND WHERE THEY MEET.
A Guide for Visitors and Members.
OAK CASTLE, NO. 4, K. G. E.
Meets at Hall, Peiros Block, High St., Second and Fourth Wednesdays of each month.
Officers—Charles F. Cole, N. G.; Fred Gardner, P. C.; Charles E. Oliver, V. C.; Geo. E. M. Smiley, V. H.; E. P. Gidney, H. P.; True W. Priest, K. of E.; Allison H. Phinney, C. of E.; Samuel R. Gardner, M. of R.; James Kehoe, S. R.
PORTSMOUTH COUNCIL, NO. 8, O. U. A. M.
Meets at Hall, Franklin Block, every other Thursday.
Officers—Fred Joslyn, C.; Arthur Woodman, V. C.; Thomas D. Stanney, H. P.; J. E. C.; James E. Harrold, Sr., Ex-Off.; Frank Pike, R. S.; Frank C. Langley, F. S.; Edward Voudy, I. P.; William P. Gardner, O. P.
PORTSMOUTH LODGE, NO. 97, B. P. O. E.
Meets at Hall, Daniel St., Second and Fourth Tuesdays of each month, except Second Tuesday of June, July and August, and Fourth Tuesday of September.
Officers—True W. Priest, E. R.; H. B. Dow, T. I. R. Davis, S.
BESOR SENATE, NO. 602, K. A. E. O.
Meets in Pythian Hall, Second and Fourth Fridays in each month.
Officers—Excellent Senator, E. H. Vouly; Sr. Seneschal, Andrew O. Caswell; Jr. Seneschal, Joseph C. Pettigrew; Sacerdos, E. W. Voudy; Sr. Vigilante, John B. Forbes; Jr. Vigilante, Chas. B. Maguire; James E. Harrold; Fin. Sec., Andrew O. Caswell; Treas., N. A. Walcott; Warder, W. P. Gardner; Trustees, F. C. Langley, Fred Wood, Oren Bragdon.

CITY OF PORTSMOUTH COUNCIL, K. OF C.
Meets at K. of C. Hall, High St., First and Third Thursdays of each month.
Officers—Geo. S. Kivvan, G. K.; W. H. Lyons, M. D.; D. G. K.; Wm. McCreary, Chm.; James Whitman, Warden; J. E. Meegan, Fin. Sec.; Victor J. Murphy, R. E. Sec.; Daniel Casey, Treas.

OSGOOD LODGE, NO. 48, I. O. O. F.
Meets in Old Fellows' Hall every Thursday evening at 7:30 o'clock.
Officers—Charles H. Kehoe, N. G.; George W. French, V. G.; Howard Anderson, Sec.; Edwin B. Prime, Treas.; Albert C. Plumer, Fin. Sec.

The Degree Flag will be displayed when degrees are to be conferred. Watch for it. All brother Old Fellows not members of the Lodge are cordially invited to attend the Lodge meetings and are assured a cordial greeting.

Professional Cards.
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PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON
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Opposite Keasarge House.
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Residence—3 Merrimac St.

W. O. JUNKINS, M. D.,
Residence, 98 State St.
Office, 26 Congress St.
Portsmouth, N. H.
OFFICE HOURS: 1 A. M., 3 P. M., 7:30 to 10 Evenings

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Deer Street,
Or call him by telephone 18-3 and he will send any team you want to your door.

Choice Horses,
Well Equipped Carriage
STANDARD BRAND.
Newark cement.
400 Barrels of the above Cement Just Landed.

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Has been on the market for the past fifty years. It has been used on the Principal Government and Other Public Works, and has received the commendation of Engineers, Architects and Consumers generally. Persons wanting cement should not be deceived. Obtain the best.

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DELIVER
COAL
IN BAGS
NO DUST NO NOISE
111 Market St Telephone, 2-4

Fifty Thousand Workmen Are Now Idle.

THIRTY THOUSAND ON \$5 A WEEK

Treasuries of Labor Unions Becoming Depleted, and Rent Day Demands Are Imperative—Saloons Shutting Down.

Chicago, March 12.—Fifty thousand idle workmen in Chicago are dependent for daily bread on what money they have saved or the weekly allowance per capita of \$5 which comes out of the treasuries of the unions. How much money the unions have accumulated, how long it will last and how many union workmen are drawing "strike" benefits are questions involved with the labor trouble which has paralyzed the building industries of the city during the last few weeks.

It is denied vigorously by the labor leaders that any actual hardships have been imposed as yet on union workmen by the labor difficulty. The fact remains, however, that the situation is rapidly approaching that point, if it has not already reached it. The idle carpenters, according to good authority, have been drawing their \$5 each a week for four weeks. The structural iron workers also have been receiving financial aid from their organization, and it is said the hod carriers emptied their strong box last week in the payment of "strike" benefits.

The total amount of four weeks is said to aggregate \$500,000. It has been estimated that, including all trades, at least 50,000 men were in a state of enforced idleness, of whom 10,000 were nonunion workmen in the employ of the material manufacturers. These men were shut out in the closing of the plants. This would leave 40,000 union workmen idle, and a conservative estimate of the proportion receiving financial help is reported as not much below 30,000. Thirty thousand men at \$5 a week each makes a pay roll of \$150,000 a week.

Union Treasuries Depleted.

The best information to be obtained on the subject is that the funds of a number of the unions have been depleted, and the workmen are beginning to be apprehensive of the future. One evidence of the financial stringency which prevails in labor ranks is the fact that the business agents are now giving their services free of charge instead of drawing \$25 a week. Another proof that the idle workmen are not spending any money unnecessarily is that two saloons in "Labor row" closed their doors last week. The retail merchants are just beginning to understand that the \$5 labor week is much disturbed. Butchers, grocers and coal dealers have noted the fact that the purchases of many of their regular customers have grown smaller, and some of the shrewdest storekeepers have refused to give the customary credit.

The big department stores down town also are beginning to feel a decrease of their sales.

The coming week will see a vigorous serving of five day notices by landlords to enforce the payment of rent. A large number of idle workmen were unable to pay rent. Time was given in the hope that the trouble would be ended soon and recourse to extreme measures would be unnecessary, but now landlords are becoming restless.

Our Export Trade.

Washington, March 12.—The value of the four principal articles of export during the month of February was \$69,507,928, an increase of \$13,328,773 compared with the same month last year. Breadstuffs fell off \$3,097,243, provisions increased \$1,519,065, mineral oils increased \$2,104,020 and cotton increased \$13,312,781. For the eight months ended Feb. 28, compared with the similar period of the previous fiscal year, the value of breadstuffs exported shows a decrease of \$25,890,982, provisions an increase of \$2,845,343, mineral oils an increase of \$14,291,056 and cotton a decrease of \$7,070,274, making a net decrease of \$14,824,852.

Two Killed by a Train.

Trenton, March 12.—Three men were struck by a train on the Philadelphia and Reading railway near Hopewell yesterday afternoon. Two of them were killed, and the third had a narrow escape from death. The men killed were Lorenzo Arunto and Foters Light. The one who escaped death was Salvatore Attenuiti. The three men were walking along the track when struck. When the train was stopped, Attenuiti was found on the catwalk in an unconscious condition and taken to St. Francis' hospital, where his recovery is expected. The men lived in Maria street, New York.

A Colored John the Baptist.

New York, March 12.—Men, women and children, some deaf, some mute and others blind, but most of them whole and sound, to the number of 184 were plunged into a tank of water and brought out of it gasping and breathless in the Mount Olivet Baptist church yesterday. The extraordinary scene was in culmination of a series of revival services in this church which have caused more than 700 persons to take communion besides the 184 who were immersed yesterday. The preacher has gained the title of the "Colored John the Baptist."

Schooner Sunk in Chesapeake Bay.

Norfolk, March 12.—Captain Miller of the British steamer Golden Cross upon arrival here reported that a small vessel, probably a schooner, lies sunk in Chesapeake bay between Cape Henry and Thimble light. Nothing is known here of the wreck, and it is believed, since no report of the wreck has been received, that the crew of the sunken vessel was lost. Only the tips of the masts of the wreck were visible above water.

Military Route in Alaska.

Seattle, March 12.—Captain Abercrombie and 43 government engineers will sail for the Copper river, Alaska, on the steamer St. Paul tomorrow. They will at once prepare to lay bridges over the Copper, Klithna and other rivers for the trail to the Yukon and then will begin setting poles for the telegraph line. It is the intention to string most of the wire from Valdez to St. Michael's.

Murdered by Footpads.

Indianapolis, March 12.—John B. Stout, a well respected citizen, as was on his way home on Senate avenue was robbed and shot by footpads. He died last night. The police have failed to find any clue to his assailants.

Speculations and Reckonings Concerning the Beautiful Planet.

The most beautiful planet and the one that comes nearest to the earth and most resembles the earth in size is at the same time the most mysterious. Venus is a living world or dead one—that is to say, it is in a condition to support inhabitants, and it is probable that such inhabitants are there, or, on the other hand, it is unsuited for their presence and barren of living forms.

These questions astronomers at present are unable to answer, but their efforts to answer them and the observations that they have made of the mysterious planet possess an almost startling interest.

First let us briefly recall what Venus is. It is a globe like our earth and of very nearly the same magnitude, having a diameter of about 7,700 miles, while that of the earth is a little more than 7,900 miles. So nearly of the same size are the two planets that if we could view them from an equal distance we should be unable without the aid of instruments of measurement to detect any difference between them. The substance of Venus is slightly lighter, bulk for bulk, than that which composes the earth, but the difference in this respect is so little that again it would require special examination to distinguish by weight between a cube of the soil of Venus and an equal amount of the soil of the earth. It follows that on Venus the force of gravitation or the weight of bodies does not greatly differ from that on the earth. If we could step upon Venus, we should find that we had parted with a few pounds weight, but the difference would not be very noticeable, except perhaps on the race track.

But this planet, so like the earth in many respects, is very different from our globe in its situation. The earth's distance from the sun is 93,000,000 miles; the distance of Venus is 67,000,000. This difference becomes a matter of great importance when we consider the effects which the sun produces upon the two planets. Heat and light, as everybody knows, vary inversely as the square of the distance. When we compare the square of the earth's distance from the sun with the square of Venus' distance, we find that the former is about double the latter. This means that Venus on the average gets twice as much heat and light from the sun as the earth gets.

But, on the other hand, we know that all forms of life depend for their existence upon the radiant energy of the sun. On the earth, when we pass from the arctic region toward the equator, we find the number of living forms and the variety and intensity of the manifestations of life continually increasing until in the equatorial zone earth, sea and air are all crowded with animate and growing things. The touch of the sun everywhere produces life, and in the absence of sun shine is death. It is but natural to infer that Venus, having twice as much sunshine as the earth, should be proportionately more crowded with animal and vegetable inhabitants, and that the intensity of life there should be correspondingly greater. Some geologists have thought that there was a time when the climate of the earth was so hot that tropical plants and beasts lived abundantly around the poles. A similar condition of things might be supposed now to prevail upon Venus.—Harper's Round Table.

High Priced Fish.

At a certain season of the year—usually about the 1st of October—it is the custom of the commissioners who have charge of the great parks in Chicago to permit fishing in the artificial lakes at certain hours in the morning, the fishermen in all cases being required to use the boats that are kept for hire. This is to prevent the banks from being thronged with gangs of hoodlums.

Early one October morning the editor of one of the great Chicago dailies appeared at a West Side park with a friend, both equipped with fishing outfits of the most approved pattern. They secured a boat, and then the editor inquired if there were any live minnows on hand.

The keeper of the boat-house inspected his bait bucket and found just one, a diminutive specimen about an inch and a half in length. He fished this out and handed it over. Handing him a silver half dollar and telling him to keep the change, the editor took the minnow, climbed into the boat and rowed out to the middle of the lake, where he fished for half an hour without result.

At the end of that time he hauled in his line, looked carefully at the minnow, took a pencil and notebook from his pocket, did a little figuring and returned to the shore.

"What did you get?" he was asked when he appeared at the office later in the day.

"One fish," he replied, "and it cost me \$200 a pound."

This, it is believed, is the highest price ever paid for live fish in Chicago.—Youth's Companion.

The Talkative Turtle.

A ventriloquist who gave his performance at one of the variety theaters had considerable mischievous fun with his accomplishment during his stay in Washington. He was walking along Louisiana avenue in front of the commission houses one afternoon when he caught up with the dapper steward of one of the big hotels. The steward was packing a good sized turtle along under his right arm. The ventriloquist paddled along at a distance of ten feet or so behind the steward, and then he threw his voice into that of the turtle.

"Look a-hen," the turtle apparently said to the steward, "when is yo' all a-gwine 't' drap me, nighuh?"

The black steward shot a sudden look of fear at the talking turtle.

"Ize a-gwine 't' drap yo' right heah," hoarsely whispered the steward, and he did, and he was shooting around the corner of Eleventh street, making for the avenue at a dead run five seconds later.—Washington Post.

A Medal of Blood.

Garibaldi was once presented with a medal made of his own blood. The giver was Dr. Manini of Naples, who was well known as a petrifactor and preserver of the human body.

Dr. Manini in offering his gift to Garibaldi said that whenever the general looked at it it would brace him up for the toughest fight, and across the medal was engraved the words, "The blood of Garibaldi is forever red."

The strange medal is preserved by the general's descendants.—San Francisco Argonaut.

Excessive Familiarity.

"Filipheigh is rather familiar in his manner, isn't he?"

"Familiar? Why, that fellow would address an icicle as 'Ike.'"—Philadelphia Call.

BUT REVENGE AND THE GARMENT WERE NOT LONG WANTING.

Lieutenant Brewer's Exciting Experience With Rain-in-the-Face, in Which the Great Sioux Chief Was Thoroughly Convinced.

Captain Edward P. Brewer of the regular cavalry while a lieutenant was stationed at Fort Sheridan with his troop during the World's fair. Brewer is known among his brother officers and the society of Chicago as "Pansy," a name given to him for his extreme nicety in dress and his performance as a cavalryman to the Indiana Exhibition. But he is no carpet knight, as his encounter with old Rain-in-the-Face will demonstrate.

During all the years of his service, with the one exception of his tour at Sheridan, Brewer has been in the field or frontier garb. He has put in many long years on the trails of Apaches and Sioux and is noted as an Indian fighter. The encounter with the wily, treacherous, cross eyed, bow legged old chief and medicine man was the aftermath of the last uprising among the Sioux. Brewer and his command went forth from Rosebud and rounded up old "Rain" and his band and forced them to get back to the agency. This made the old Indian very sore, and he laid for a chance to get even. He got even, but eventually quit loser. This is how it all came about:

Soon after his return Mr. Brewer applied for a few days' leave of absence to visit some friends a few hundred miles away. Having received permission, he started in the ambulance one morning with a party of ladies for the railroad depot. Looking ahead, they were considerably surprised to see a mounted Indian with a rifle thrown across his saddle bow blocking the passage. He was one of the finest specimens of his race, a man of about 30 years of age, well built and dressed with garb of the past. Nervously cowering with the rifle across his saddle and casting several scowling glances at the lieutenant, whom he no doubt recognized as his recent captor, he spoke a few very impressive and vehement words to the old driver, who spoke Sioux about as well as the Indian himself.

"What does he say, Burgess, and why doesn't he let us pass?" inquired the lieutenant, scanning some devilment on the part of his copper colored friend. "It's Rain-in-the-Face, sir, and he says he wants your yellow vest."

Impressed with the fact that there was no alternative and moved by the entreaties of the frightened ladies, the lieutenant reluctantly disrobed and passed the coveted prize to the redskin, who received it with a malicious grin of triumph and then allowed the ambulance to proceed. Brewer had no intention of letting the matter drop here, but resigned himself to the sting of the premeditated insult with as good a grace as possible under the circumstances, finally resolving to fix that Indian as the first opportunity offered.

He requested the driver and ladies to maintain the strictest silence. After the expiration of his leave he returned to the post. A few days after he changed to meet a few Indian boys and promised a big silver dollar to the one who should first inform him when Rain-in-the-Face came into the post. A month went by, and Brewer was sitting one afternoon with a group of officers expatiating on the virtues of the first sergeant of K troop, an old dragoon of 80 years' service, when he was interrupted by the steward, who announced that an Indian boy was impatiently demanding to see him.

Immediately the almost forgotten episode of the recent occurrence to Brewer and, unceremoniously seizing his campaign hat, he rushed for the door. A little half naked Indian boy informed him that Rain-in-the-Face had just come into camp and then reached out his hand for the coveted dollar.

Mr. Brewer ordered his horse and, mounting, rode across the parade in the direction of the now visible redskin, who was heading up the well beaten path to the "canteen." The first intention of "Rain" received that the white man was to see him was the winning of a bullet past his head. Hastily dashing in the direction of the shot, he saw his old cavalry friend headed toward him at full speed.

Rain-in-the-Face immediately wheeled his supple little pony in the direction of the agency and set out at full speed. Brewer, seeing that he had his man on the run, satisfied himself with keeping a couple of hundred yards in the rear. The chase led up hill and down dale, the prairie flew by so fast that it made one dizzy to look at the tall grass. Brewer discharged an occasional shot to make the Indian appreciate the gravity of his situation. The chief was now thoroughly frightened and gave vent to his feelings by a series of short high shrieks at every shot.

Rain-in-the-Face reached his tepee, flung himself to the ground and rushed inside to grasp a weapon, when Brewer's rifle rang out again, and a ball tore its way through the dry buffalo hides of the Indian's tent. The sturdy lieutenant reined up his panting steed in front of the squalid hovel and with his rifle at his shoulder summoned the terrified savage to come out.

Rain-in-the-Face sheepishly obeyed, with his hands held over his head in token of surrender. Brewer made the Indian disrobe. He removed his feathered ornaments, ghost shirt, breechcloth, beaded leggings and moccasins until he was as devoid of clothes as his natal day. Brewer then directed him to place his apparel on the flames, which he sheepishly did. The fiery wren soon converted into ashes, and his most prized and boasted trophy, the yellow vest, was next ordered produced. Its pristine gaudy splendor was gone, as it had too often partaken of the food of its thievish possessor. With another shot or two which threw up the dirt at the Indian's feet Rain-in-the-Face executed some rapid steps never known to wardance or puppy feast and disappeared into the corner of his dingy tepee. Rain-in-the-Face, the great Ogallala Sioux, chief warrior and medicine man, the pride of his race, was covered by a boy lieutenant half his age.

Lieutenant Brewer and Rain-in-the-Face frequently met afterward, but the Indian skulked at the heels of the young lieutenant like a whipped cur.—Chicago Chronicle.

Delayed Too Long.

"I think I'll get my wife a cookbook," said the young man.

"How long have you been married?" asked the experienced one.

"Six months."

"Too late! You ought to have bought it the first week. She will take it now as an indication that you no longer love her."—Indianapolis Journal.

One Masculine Trait.

Gwilliams—Mrs. Bingo always strikes me as being such a masculine woman.

Mrs. Gwilliams—She is. She can't stand the least bit of pain without making a big fuss over it.—Chicago Tribune.

When on my day of life the night is falling—

And, in the wind from unmaned spears blown,
I hear far voices out of darkness calling
My feet to paths unknown.

Then who has made my home of life so pleasant,
Leave off its tenant when its walls decay
O Love divine, O Help! ever present,
Be thou my strength and stay!

Be near me when all else is from me drifting—
Earth, sky, home's pictures, days of shade
And kindly faces to my own uplifting
The love which answers mine.

I have but thee, O Father! Let thy Spirit
Be with me then to comfort and uphold.
No gate of pearl, no branch of palm, I merit,
No street of shining gold.

But thou art ever with me, O my Father,
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FOR Kid Gloves

Nothing can possibly
be better than our

**\$1.00 Quality
Warranted;**

LEWIS E. STAPLES,
7 Market Street.

A DRUGGIST

Nowadays....

Not only must have a
complete knowledge of
drugs, but to sell pure
drugs he must know their
adulterations; he must
know just what to look
for. We have that knowl-
edge. We sell pure drugs
and are careful.

Goodwin E. Philbrick,
Franklin Block,
Portsmouth, N. H.

Fire Insurance.

My facilities for plac-
ing Fire Insurance in
companies of estab-
lished reputation are
not excelled in this
state.

TOBEY'S
Real Estate Agency,
32 Congress Street,

More than Seventy Million of cigars
sold in New England by the manufac-
turer of the

7-20-4

The best judges of tobacco admit it to
be the best in the world on the market. The
Havana tobacco now being used is of
extra fine flavor.

At Wholesale in Portsmouth by
PROB. WENDELL, J. H. SWIFT,
Dor and Market Sts. Bridge St.

R. C. SULLIVAN,
MANUFACTURER,
PORTSMOUTH, N. H.

Stoddard's Stable

HAS BEEN FITTED OUT WI
NEW CARRIAGES.

STODDARD'S.

NEW HACKS, FOR WEDDINGS AND
OTHER PARTIES

TELEPHONE 1-3.

SALE AND LIVERY BUSINESS

THE DERRALD.

TUESDAY, MARCH 13, 1900.

CITY BRIEFS

Election day.
March is Marchy.
Great weather to vote.
Lent is more than one quarter gone.
There hasn't been much can for cold
and lately.

The cold weather has put a quietus
on town stores.
Major sugar parties will be the next
form of amusement.

"Vote early and often" does not seem
to have been the case today.

Canon Seuter, No. 12, Patriarchal
Militant, meets this evening.

Some of the church choirs have com-
menced to rehearse Easter music.

WANTED—At once, several housekeep-
ers at Mrs. Wilson's 25 Vaughan street.

Cornier, photographer studio, (for-
merly Nickerson's), No. 1 Congress
street.

The factory of the Morley Button
company is to be enlarged again this
spring.

The little republics throughout New
Hampshire have their annual meetings
today, Tuesday.

The "S. G." Lendres is made of the
choicest stock and is the best ten cent
cigar in the market.

The Daughters of Liberty have a
whist party in Good Templars' hall
this Tuesday evening.

The horse buyers say that it is just
as hard now to get good desirable driv-
ing horses as it has ever been.

The several democratic committees
and candidates had a meeting at dem-
ocratic headquarters on Monday evening.

Rubber heels become very popular
and John G. Mott is fitting out the lo-
cal public with an excellent article.

Lots of money made on New York
Stock Exchange with \$30. Send for
particulars. ARCHIBALD AINSLEE, 31
Broadway, New York.

The boys are taking advantage of the
bare spots on the sidewalks, by playing
marbles. Many such places are the
scenes of hotly contested games.

The latest base ball plan is a state
league, to be composed of teams rep-
resenting Concord, Manchester, Nashua,
Laconia, Portsmouth and Dover.

Dan Mahony has arranged for the
sale of a consignment of Hon. Frank
Jones' horses, at the stable of A. W.
Davis in Boston on the 22d of this month.

Two games were played in the Kears-
arge house pool tournament, on Mon-
day evening, Stevenson defeating Smart
100 to eighty-five, and Richardson de-
feating Kiggins, 100 to ninety-five.

J. A. Sebeare, of Sedalia, Mo., saved
his child from death by croup by using
One Minute Cough Cure. It cures
coughs, colds, pneumonia, la grippe
and all throat and lung troubles. Phil-
brick's Pharmacy.

BOWLING.

The Portsmouths had an easy time
with the Knights of Columbus, in the
city candle pin league, on Monday
evening, defeating them three straight
strings, by a total of 1280 to 1198. Bu-
channa, of the winning team, made a
single-string record for the alleys, of
116 pins. The result of this game
lowers the Knights into second place,
leaving the Marines in the lead. The
Rockinghams are a good third. The
score on Monday evening was as fol-
lows:

PORTSMOUTH	
to the	91 75 85-251
J. Mitchell	81 88 77-246
W. Mitchell	100 87 91-281
Richardson	80 69 83-229
Buchanna	73 81 116-273
	425 103 452 1280
KNIGHTS OF COLUMBUS.	
G. S. Kirvan	77 87 89-252
I. B. Kirvan	90 67 83-240
Moyahon	70 80 72-222
R. A. Kirvan	86 89 70-245
Lyons	76 51 89-230
	390 397 102 1198

PAINFUL INJURY.

Barpee Wood, the well known ex-
pressman, met with a painful accident
last evening. He went to descend from
the top of his stable on Marginal road
when he missed his footing and in sav-
ing himself plunged his hand through a
pane of glass, making a jagged cut
across the wrist which necessitated the
taking of several stitches.

ELECTED DIRECTORS.

The Piscataqua club, at their meet-
ing on Monday evening, elected the
following board of directors: C. Shep-
pard, W. O'Neill, R. C. Murphy, J.
Lewy and P. Sullivan. It was voted
to hold another smoke talk in the near
future.

QUIET ELECTION.

A Favorable Day but a Light Vote all
the Forenoon Reported.

It has been a very quiet election day
and on the surface there has been lit-
tle to indicate much interest in the
result. Although the weather has been
most favorable for a big attendance at
the polls, it has been very dull at the
voting places and up to 1 o'clock this
afternoon there was a falling off of
several hundred votes on the total, com-
pared with last year's cast.

It is particularly orderly at the poll-
ing places and there has not been an ar-
rest for any cause. In spite of the
seeming want of activity on the part of
the party leaders there is said to be a
lot of by-the-going on quietly and that
during the remaining few hours there
will be more of a rush.

In ward two at 1 o'clock there had
been 360 votes cast, a falling off of over
one hundred from the same time last
year, in this ward alone.

One hundred and fifty votes was the
total at noon in ward four and it was de-
cidedly dull down there.

There were but about 180 ballots cast
in ward five at noon and but few voters
were present at the time.

In ward three it was reported nat-
urally dull and but little interest.

It was the same thing in ward one
and but 185 votes were cast at one
o'clock.

Quite a number of citizens voted on
certificates. The day has been devoid
of all sensational features and consid-
erable of a contrast to the contest of a
year ago. The result will probably not
be known until six o'clock this evening.

UNFORTUNATE "EDDIE" BERRY.

Taken Violently Insane and Did Con-
siderable Damage at His Home.

Edward Berry, a well known compos-
itor, who has at times past shown symp-
toms of mental disease, was taken vio-
lently insane at his home on Lidd street
shortly before two o'clock this after-
noon and did considerable damage and
threatened the life of his parents.

He was taken off the roof of the house
where he had gone and armed him-
self with several weapons.
Officers McCaffery, Anderson
and Burns brought the unfortunate
young fellow to the station house, where
he is now confined. He will probably
be taken to Concord for treatment.

He smashed a large amount of furni-
ture and dishes and his antics attracted
a large crowd of people. It was re-
ported around the city that he had shot
his father.

When all right, mentally, Berry is a
good workman and is temperate and in-
dustrious.

POLICE COURT.

George Laskey Gets a Long Term at
the County Farm, as Usual.

George Laskey was the only person ap-
pear before Judge Emery in police court
this forenoon and pleaded guilty to the
charge of drunkenness. It was the first
appearance of Laskey in the court for
some time, but this did not save him
from getting a stiff sentence at the
county house of correction.

He was ordered to serve a term of one
hundred and fifty days and to pay the
costs of prosecution.

WEDGED IN CAR TRACK.

A four-horse team heavily loaded with
rails came to grief on Market street,
directly in front of Peyser's store, Mon-
day afternoon. One of the rear wheels,
evidently not strong enough to carry so
heavy a load, got wedged in the car
track and dished, throwing the wagon
across the track, and it was necessary
to remove the load before it could be
moved. One of the loop line cars,
which came along immediately after the
accident, was delayed several moments,
while the obstruction was being re-
moved.

WATER FRONT NEWS.

Arrived today—C. C. Co. No. 5, Travers,
from Baltimore with 1600 tons of
coal; C. R. R. No. 5, Gelfing, from Phil-
adelphia with 998 tons of coal, both for
J. A. and A. W. Walker.

The tug Plymouth, from Port John-
son and the tug Georges Creek, from
Baltimore, with barges, arrived today.
The former sailed for Boston.

EXAMINATION OF TEACHERS.

An examination of teachers for state
certificates will be held at Concord and
Laconia, Friday and Saturday, March
30th and 31st.

Full details will be given to apph-
cants by the department of public in-
struction, Concord.

CARPENTER FLETCHER AR- RIVES.

Chief Carpenter Joseph Fletcher, U.
S. N., and Mrs. Fletcher arrived at the
navy yard from New York, this after-
noon and were heartily greeted by all.

LOCAL SPORTING NEWS

It is very early in the year to begin
football preparations, but a great deal
of talking has been indulged in already.
If present plans come to anything,
there will be no less than three elevens
in this city alone next fall.

The Unity club basket ball team is
practicing almost nightly, and for the
past two or three days has been working
in conjunction with the Kittery team.
In the opinion of the writer, both these
teams will show up well to the front at
the close of the season.

A pertinent question: What was the
matter with the Portsmouth bowling
team the first of the winter? Such work
as they did against the Knights of
Columbus Monday evening, "consistently
followed up," would have landed them
winners in the league contest without
even a struggle. Perhaps it isn't too
late even now to get into the game.
Come on boys, show us what you can
do when you try.

The High school athletic committee
is considering the advisability of con-
ducting a meet the coming spring, for the
purpose of choosing representatives for
the proposed dual contest between the
Portsmouth and Dover high schools.
There are some clever performers among
the students of the local school, and
Dover must force her boys to train long
and hard if they are to win from the
Portsmouth boys.

Portsmouth now has nine basket ball
teams, Greenland three, and Kittery
one, to say nothing of the many junior
teams in the various clubs. The whole
number of teams which lined up in this
city since the beginning of the season,
leaving the young ladies entirely out of
the reckoning, will undoubtedly number
fifteen, and yet there are people who
claim that the sporting blood of Ports-
mouth is stagnant.

The Kittery basket ball five expects
to win its game with the Y. M. C. A.,
players Wednesday evening, and if the
latter team believes itself, the Y. M. C.
A. also expects them to win. Lack of
confidence in their own ability appears
to be the one serious trouble with the
players of the long named team, and
until they display a little more of this
quality they cannot expect people to
take much interest in them or their
work.

Kittery will enter a team in the base
ball league, making five nines in all to
fight for the pennant. The Piscataqua
athletic club is yet to be heard from of-
ficially, although members of the or-
ganization have expressed individual
opinions to the effect that the club
would be glad to enter a team in the
league. The list, up to date is as fol-
lows: Unity club, Marines, Kittery,
Woods brothers, Portsmouth High
school, and a possibility of teams from
the Maplewood athletic club, Greenland
and the Piscataqua club. There will be
no difficulty in securing six teams for
the schedule, and eight is by no means
an impossible number.

"This is a peculiar town in one re-
spect at least," said a visitor to Ports-
mouth, in conversation with a *Herald*
man. "I haven't been in any city for a
long time where the general interest in
all sorts of sport was greater, but this
rivalry among the various local or-
ganizations is unusually great. Where the
average town has some particularly
hated rival beyond its own borders, the
Portsmouth athletes seem to be given
to fighting among themselves. You
certainly have some excellent material
in this town, and if the boys could only
consent to pull together, they could
give almost any opponent a hustle in
any branch of athletics, but instead of
pooling issues they break up into half a
dozen teams, and devote their energies
to winning a local championship, and
when you think of it, I am not so sure,
that more public interest is not aroused
in this way, than if the local men were
contending in a body against an out of
town enemy. There is interest enough
here anyway."

THE CAST TONIGHT.

The cast for one of the favorites of
the McAniff company, *The Man o'
War's Man*, at Music hall tonight, is as
follows:

Capt. Conway, U. S. S. New Orleans,
Lawrence Grattan
Capt. Basilio Havillando, Spanish man-of-
war El Scorpion, James Ryan
Lieut. Herman Schiller U. S. S. New Orleans, Hart McMan
Count Von Winterfeld, German Ambassador, Fred Saunders
General Raposo, Nicaraguan Army, Alfred Leos
Prince Danenski, of the Russian Navy, A. E. Bellows
Victor Leontine, French Ship Republic, Len Richey
Senor Cardenas, Spanish Ambassador, Herbert Emery
Baron Adonai of, Russian Admiral Ship, Fred Malcolm
Hon. Cyril Denleigh, English Ambassador, Chas. Thompson
Elmer Denleigh, Cyril Denleigh's daughter, Miss Jessie Merritt
Jessie Denleigh, Mr. Denleigh's niece, Miss Eugene Bowen
Rose Leontine, Victor's sister, Miss Madeline Scott
Dudley Barry Hanley, U. S. S. New Orleans, Jere McVane
The capable performance Monday
night insures another success this even-
ing.

YORK ELECTION.

Straight Republican Ticket Elected
On Monday.

The town election in York was held
on Monday and resulted in the endorse-
ment of the straight republican ticket
over democratic nominations being in the
field. Dr. J. C. Stewart served as mod-
erator. The officers elected are as fol-
lows:

Moderator, J. C. Stewart;
Clark, G. F. Plakted;
Selectmen, assessors and overseers of
poor, R. F. Talpey, J. P. Patnam, C.
H. Young;
Treasurer, A. M. Bradgon;
Road Commissioner, E. S. Wood-
ward;
Collector and constable, Samuel A.
Preble;

Agent, W. T. Keen;
Auditor, S. W. Junkins.
Of the board of selectmen, assessors
and overseers of the poor, Mr. Young
received 217 votes; Mr. Talpey, 216;
Mr. Patnam, 210.

It was voted to appropriate the sum
of \$2000 for the erection of a new
High school building and the matter
was referred to a committee compris-
ing Dr. J. C. Stewart, E. S. Marshall
and J. T. Davidson.

OBSEQUIES.

All that was mortal of Henry Bean,
the late superintendent of the Rocking-
ham county farm, was laid at rest from
the Newington church at 1:30 o'clock,
on Monday afternoon. The church was
overcrowded by the mourning friends
gathered to pay their last respects to
one whom all had honored and loved.

Rev. Mr. Wicks of Boston officiated
and the services were very touching and
deeply impressive. The casket was
fairly covered by a wealth of floral
tributes, many of them of exquisite
beauty and design.

Among those present were delegations
from the Masons and I. O. O. F. of Ep-
ping, and many public officials and
friends from all over the state.

The bearers were the three county
commissioners, G. W. Paul, Washing-
ton Colby, and Louis L. deLoche, and
Joseph Hoyt of Newington.
A male quartette from this city fur-
nished several selections during the
services, the singers being as follows:
Messrs. Ralph Parker, Goodwin Phil-
brick, Nathaniel Shannon and C. W.
Gray.

It was a particularly sad, impressive
service, and never was a man more sin-
cerely mourned than Mr. Bean. The
loss is a sad one, not only to family and
friends, but to county and state.

Interment was in the family lot in
the Newington cemetery.

The funeral services over the body of
Edwin Lowd were held at the home on
Westworth street at 2:30 this afternoon,
the officiating clergyman being the Rev.
George E. Leighton, pastor of the
Church of Christ. The services were
private. The body was placed in the
receiving tomb of Undertaker H. W.
Nickerson.

POLICE NEWS.

Percy White was brought in by
Officer Hilton on Monday evening, for
making a disturbance at Music hall.

There was not a single lodger at the
station on Monday night, in striking
contrast to Saturday night, when there
were nine, and Sunday night when
three were booked.

George Laskey, who came down from
the county farm on Monday afternoon,
had a very brief spell of liberty. About
half-past four o'clock, he was arrested
by Assistant Marshal West and Officer
Burns, who had to play football with
him before they landed him in a cell.

The officers are assigned to the vari-
ous polling places today, as follows:
Ward one, Shannon, Holbrook, and
Quinn; ward two, Assistant Marshal
West, Burns and Anderson; ward three,
Seymour and Kelly; ward four, Robin-
son and Hilton; ward five, Huxley and
Murphy. At the rooms of the registra-
tion board, Officer McCaffery will be on
duty. All the men will report at six
o'clock this morning for their day's
work. Captain Martien will have
charge of the station today.

RETAIL TRADE DULL.

The traveling men say that, at the
present time, the retail business in the
state is rather dull. It is the usual dull
season of the year between the winter
and the spring goods, when only a small
business is expected. The wholesale
business is booming all the time in spite
of the dullness in the retail. The re-
tail prices will advance in sympathy
with the wholesale as soon as the old
stocks in the stores are sold out and
new ones are bought. The spring re-
tail business is expected to be unusually
good. Many are expecting to see a
larger trade than for many years. This
partially accounts for the good whole-
sale business as all the retail dealers are
expecting a rush later and are, as a rule,
laying in large stocks for the spring and
summer trades.

PERSONALS

Mrs. E. L. Tobey of Hanover street is
visiting relatives in Boston.

Miss Blanche Rand leaves today on a
visit to friends in New York.

Mr. Gardner Greenleaf is restricted
to his home with pneumonia.

Mr. Charles Colley of Haverhill, Mass.,
is passing a few days in town.

Fred Tucker of Rondout, N. Y., is
passing a vacation in this city.

Miss Adelaide Thorston has returned
from a week's trip to New York.

Guy Corey of the Harvard law school
is the guest of his parents in this city.

Mr. Peter Longhin, of Dover Point,
was in this city on Monday on business.

Horace G. Pender of the Harvard law
school is visiting his parents in this
city.

Ralph Jones, of the importing firm of
Jones & Howe, of Boston, is visiting in
the city.

Mr. and Mrs. Sherburn M. Merrill
are visiting her mother, Mrs. Charles
A. Sinclair.

Edward T. Kimball of New York is
visiting his parents, Mr. and Mrs. E.
P. Kimball.

Mrs. E. P. Lawrence has returned
home from Boston after a week's visit
with relatives.

Miss Adele Yates of Middle street
has returned from a visit with relatives
in Washington.

Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Coney of Haver-
hill, Mass., are the guests of her parents
on State street for a few days.

Mrs. T. H. Deverson of Newcastle
avenue is the guest of her daughter,
Mrs. W. C. Ham, of Allston, Mass.

Walter Woods left here on Monday
for Pittsburg, Pa., to join the National
league base ball team, of that city.

Capt. Mayo of the Jerry's Point life
saving station has gone to Chatham,
Mass., on account of illness in his
family.

Thomas S. Blake of Hampton has
been granted a pension of twelve dol-
lars a month.

John L. Pender, of the Boston
Journal, passed Monday night in town,
and returned to Saco this afternoon,
where he is employed at present on
special work for his paper.

GREAT MATINEE SUCCESS.

Wednesday afternoon at Music hall,
the McAniff company will present the
great Matinee success, *Nobie*, and that
it will be seen by one of the largest
matinee audiences of the season there is
no doubt. This beautiful and popular
play appeals to the ladies and children
and presented as it will be, by the finest
repertoire company that has been here
this season, is sure to be worth witness-
ing. The prices too, are worth consider-
ing.

We will send you 4 Qt. Bottles
prepaid in a
plain box....

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Stag Rye Whiskey

IF YOU WILL SEND US

\$3.00 It is just the whiskey for fam-
ily and medicinal use. It is
made in our own distillery. We
guarantee it to be absolutely
pure, well aged and mellow. A pure stimulant
ought to be in your home. It's necessary very
often. You can have your money back if it
doesn't suit.

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In The Market.

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Pure Havana.



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about clothing and about style and
something about fit is in the majority
among our customers. But we want
the other men—the ready-made—those
who fail to realize that their individ-
uality is lost in the machine-cut suit.
To attract their custom we will make
a perfect fitting suit for \$15.00 to \$25.
The workmanship and finish will be of
the very best class.

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